

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR.

THE first National Horse Fair, under the direction of the Association for Improving the Breed of Horses, was opened at the Eclipse Course, L. I., on Monday, the 25th October. The aims of the society are fully explained in their corporate title. It is one of many associations which the last few years have seen established throughout the United States, with great influence for good upon the breed of horses, sheep and horned cattle. It is but a few weeks since we were called upon to illustrate divers interesting scenes occurring at the great Springfield Horse Show, when an exhibition of racing and draught horses took place of which any country might be proud; and the Horse Fair to illustrations of which we devote a portion of our present number is, although somewhat less extensive than the Springfield Exhibition, equally meritorious with that in its design.

The first day of the Fair (Monday) was occupied partly with a grand cavalcade of the horses entered, and partly with trials of speed.

On Tuesday, the second day, the arrangements of the association were rendered more complete than at the opening, and a large number of visitors (among them Governor King) were present throughout the day. The Committees on Premiums were organized on this day, and on Wednesday their duties were performed in a critical examination of the stock. The following is a list of the stallions, brood mares, colts and fillies which were subjected to the approval of the Committees: Stallions, Class No. 1, 10; Class No. 2, 18; Mares with foals by their sides and without, 17; Three Year Olds, Class No. 1, 4; Class No. 2, 14; Two Year Olds, Class No. 1, 2; Class No. 2, 13; Yearlings, Class No. 1, 2; Class No. 2, 13. Among the animals exhibited were many of admirable proportions, and in the trials of speed

the most satisfactory results were repeatedly obtained. The majority were exhibited by individuals residing in the State of New York, but we noticed several fine colts and stallions which were the growth of neighboring States, nor was Canada without its representative.

The Fair continued on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, with numerous attendance on each of those days.

The following awards were made on Friday by the committees:

### CLASS I.

FOR THE BEST IMPORTED OR NATIVE THOROUGHBRED STALLION, first premium of \$200 to Logan, the property of J. B. Monnot, Esq., Westchester county, N. Y.; second premium of \$100 to the imported English stallion Mango, the property of J. & A. Barthgate, Westchester county, N. Y.; third premium of \$50 to the imported English stallion Consternation, the property of J. B. Welsh, of Syracuse, N. Y.

BEST THOROUGHBRED MARE, WITH FOAL BY HER SIDE, first premium of \$100 to the mare Patsey Anthony, in foal by Revenue, and colt by the same, owned by B. M. Whitlock, Westchester county, N. Y.; second premium of \$50 to National Maid, with foal by her side, by Logan, owned by J. B. Monnot, of Westchester county, N. Y.

FOR THE BEST THOROUGHBRED YEARLING, the first premium of \$40 to the filly by Trustee, out of Sylphide, owned by Henry Booth, of Westchester county, N. Y.; the second premium of \$25 to the colt Bayard, by Tom Cribb, out of a mare by John Ball, owned by Thos. George, of Orange county, N. Y.

### CLASS II.

BEST MARE, WITH FOAL BY HER SIDE, the produce of trotting stallion or trotting mare, with foal by a thoroughbred stallion, first premium of \$100 to gray mare Sontag, with colt by her side, by Ethan Allen, owned by S. R. Bowne, of Queens county, N. Y.; second premium of \$60 to bay mare, with foal by her side, by William Tell, owned by E. D. Hulse, of Queens county, N. Y.; third premium of \$30 to bay mare, with colt by her side, by Revenue, owned by Dr. Bayard, of New York.

BEST THREE-YEAR-OLD PRODUCE OF TROTTING STALLIONS, first premium of \$50 to Lady Emma, by Jupiter, out of E. Pearshall's Abdallah mare, owned by Carl S. Burr, Suffolk county, N. Y.; second premium of \$35 to Molly, by Mambrino Chief, out of a mare by Bellfounder, owned by Thomas G. Ayer, Passaic county, N. J.; third premium of \$20 to the stallion Enterprise, by Mount Holly, out of a Mambrino mare, owned by H. Darland, of Jamaica, Queens county, N. Y.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS, TROTTING STOCK, first premium of \$40 to colt by Trustee out of Jenny Lind, owned by Wm. C. Langley, of King's county, N. Y.; second premium of \$25 to colt of Ethan Allen, out of a mare by Vermont Black Hawk, owned by Samuel Thorne, Dutchess county, N. Y.; third premium of \$15 to colt by Flying Cloud, out of mare by Bell Briso, owned by Philip Klam, of Queens county, N. Y.

YEARLINGS, TROTTING STOCK, first premium of \$30 to colt by Flying Cloud, out of mare by Almack, owned by E. W. Mott; second premium of \$20 to a sorrel colt by Ethan Allen, out of gray mare Sontag, owned by S. R. Bowne, of Queens county, N. Y.; third premium of \$10 to bay colt by Executor, out of Bashaw mare, owned by Henry Booth, of Westchester county, N. Y.

### CLASS III.

FOR THE BEST STALLION FOR FARM OR WORK HORSES, first premium of \$50 to Bashaw, by Long Island Black Hawk, owned by L. Vernal, of N. Y.; second premium of \$35 to Pilgrim, owned by Isaac Woodruff, of Kings county, N. Y.; third premium of \$20 to Washington, by Oseola, out of mare by Mambrino, owned by H. A. Johnson, N. Y.

BEST PAIR OF FARM OR WORK HORSES, first premium of \$30 to pair of horses owned by Stephen Weart, of Queens county, N. Y.

PAIRS OF EXPRESS HORSES, first premium of \$50 to team of black horses, owned by Samuel Truesdale, of New York.

SINGLE MARES OR GELDINGS, IN HARNESS, first premium of \$30 to Mr. James Briggs, of New York, for his chestnut gelding Boston; second premium of \$20 to B. M. Whitlock, of Westchester county, N. Y., for his sorrel mare Westchester Belle; third premium of \$10 to Isaac Woodruff, of Kings county, N. Y., for his gelding Paddy.

SADDLE MARES AND GELDINGS, first premium of \$30 to Mr. D. Albertson for his gray mare Kitty Clover. No others were exhibited to the Judges.

**Yankee Daring.**—An English paper thus announces the arrival of Webb's little yacht: "A small yacht called the Christopher Columbus has just arrived at Southampton from New York. She is only 45 tons burthen, and is scarcely bigger than an Isle of Wight wherry. She has been brought across the Atlantic by a man and two boys. She was wind-bound for seven days on the banks of Newfoundland, and has been 45 days reaching here from New York. She is beautifully shaped, and was built by Mr. Webb, a working shipwright, who brought her over. The voyage of the Christopher Columbus is a very adventurous one. Mr. Webb intended to take her to St. Petersburg, but the season is now too late. He brought over the Charter Oak, a small yacht, last year, and sold her at Liverpool."



GREAT NATIONAL HORSE FAIR, ECLIPSE COURSE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.



## THE GRAPE GATHERER.

In your home in yonder valley, maiden?  
If it is, why, I will go with you;  
Pity thus to see such fair locks laden  
With a burden meant with even dew.  
So I will take it on my back, and bear it  
Safe as can be to the vintner's door;  
Not one grocer's will I have—I'll swear it;  
Only just a smile, and nothing more.

So I said, and took the pampier, reeking  
With the plump grapes ripe in daisy leaves  
'Twas so huge, I'd no time for speaking,  
But the heart it spell in silence waves.  
Soon I felt my heart should have some leisure,  
Sympathetic with my shoulder's lot—  
Though the trouble, as I said, was pleasure—  
And the cool Rhine made my face feel hot.

So we sat upon the hill and chatted—  
Nonsense often haunts the porch of love—  
"Could she sing?" and "How her hair was plaited!"  
Then, "How beautiful she shone the stars above!"  
Once more, with the vintage-produce laden,  
Did we meet the river-kissing wind;  
In her quiet home I left the maiden,  
But I also left my heart behind.

## DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**Glorious Ignorance.**—A journal which rejoices in a deaf musical critic, despite ears by linked sweetness long drawn out, has hit upon the esoteric reason why the Crystal Palace was burnt down—we did not want it! Hear the reasons:

"The Hyde Park Exhibition succeeded, because it was wanted. There are no fine shops in London—no bazaars where people come to look, or to buy, or to lounge and talk over the affairs of the day. The shopmen's orders are to 'shave' a customer as soon as possible, in order to be ready for the next. The finest stocks of goods in London are concealed in dirty, dark-looking shops, to which the Oriental bazaar in Chatham street are palaces."  
Why don't Villikens take his Dinah to Paris and London? His present notions of palaces are evidently got from the Five Points, although he does not to the height of Chatham street—still, as Nollekens says, "it is only his brag."

**The First Regiment of Missouri Militia.**—A correspondent sends us some interesting particulars with regard to this corps. It was organized under a new law enacted at the last session of the Missouri Legislature, and made its first parade at St. Louis on the 5th of July. Its commander, Colonel D. M. Frost, is a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and served in the Mexican war with the Rifle Regiment. He afterwards served in Oregon; and his military experience is found of great value in the discipline of the fine militia regiment he now commands. Lieutenant Colonel J. N. Pritchard was formerly a member of our New York City Guard. The Major, Siebold, is an old soldier, and was formerly captain of one of the German companies in St. Louis. The following are the names of the company officers, with the names of the several companies they command: St. Louis Greys, Captain Knapp, editor St. Louis Republic; Washington Guards (No. 1), Captain Gorman; Washington Guards (No. 2), Captain Wade; Washington Blues, Captain Kelly; National Guard (No. 1), Captain Gray; National Guard (No. 2), Captain Walker; Missouri Guards, Captain West; Emmet Guards, Captain Smith.

**Theatrical Row.**—There has been quite a row in Louisville, caused by the new play of "Sybil," brought out by Miss Avonia Jones, and written by Mr. John Savage, of Washington. There is doubtless an analogy between the incidents of this play and the assassination (in 1825) of Col. Solomon P. Sharpe by Jacobson O. Beauchamp, to avenge a foul wrong done Beauchamp's wife before he married her.

It so happens that the surviving relatives of Col. Sharpe are personal friends of the editor of the *Journal* here. No sooner did he announce the play than Gov. Morehead telegraphed from Frankfort, to "stop the representation," and Col. Sharp, Jr., telegraphed that he would at once leave for Louisville, to avert this stain on the honor of his family. This was on Thursday, and as it was currently reported that there would be an armed demonstration of opposition to the play, Miss Jones substituted the "Bride of Lammemoor." The house had been crowded, but half of the audience had no desire to witness Lucia, and retired.

That night there was a *conseil de theatre*, Prentice acting as mediator—Col. Sharpe demanding that the play should be suppressed, and Mrs. Melinda Jones pleading her daughter's right to play a drama based upon an historical event. Moreover, she said that it should be performed on Saturday night, and she was as good as her word. Of course the announcement created a sensation.

Such a packed house was never seen here, and there must have been some apprehensions behind the scenes, for the stage manager looked as though his last hour had come, and the poor fellow who personated Col. Sharpe seemed weak in the knees with fear. Miss Avonia performed her part faultlessly, as if unconscious that there was a single spectator. The play is replete with dramatic effect, and was well acted; yet there was a dead silence until Sybil presented a pistol at Col. Sharpe, her seducer, when there arose a shout of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" and from thenceforth there was no sympathy for Sharpe.

Of course the play was thus brought before the public, and has filled the house night after night. Every incident of the event upon which it is based has been recalled, an edition of the confession of Jacobson O. Beauchamp (executed for killing Sharpe) has been sold, and wherever Miss Jones goes, the public insists upon seeing her in "Sybil."

**New York Obituaries.**—During the last few years, one after another of the illustrious ornaments of New York society—men and women whose names are historical, and whose characters identify the city before it became so thoroughly cosmopolitan—have passed away. In a short time the American social distinction of this vast metropolis will be among the things that were. The last of these Knickerbocker worthies whose demise we recorded was William Jay—a fine exemplar of high and honorable character—the son of John Jay, a true member of our Revolutionary aristocracy; a few months ago died William and John Duer; a little previous, Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Henry Brevoort, and Mr. Hone; that noble trio—Chancellor Kent, Gouverneur Morris, and Albert Gallatin, had before withdrawn from the scene.

**Emigrant Villainy.**—Last week an inquest was held at the Pacific Hotel, 172 Greenwich street, on the body of a man named William B. Cole, who was found dead in his bed, having taken strychnine. A paper containing a portion of the poison, an apple out of which a piece had been bitten, and a knife was found on the table, as well as two vials of laudanum and morphine. Mr. Thomas D. Doubleday testified to finding the body on the bed, and also the above articles. A silver watch and \$110.87 was found on his person. Mr. John Patton, proprietor of the hotel, testified that the deceased had been at his house but a few days. He settled his bill on the 20th, and on Friday, about 4 o'clock, called for his keys. He went to his room, and afterwards took tea. Nothing more of him was seen that evening. The next morning (Saturday) he not appearing, his room was found to be locked on the inside. It was broken open, and the deceased found lying on the bed dead. Deceased had been swindled by runners. He wished to go to California, and purchased what he supposed to be a second class ticket, but it turned out to be a storage ticket. It was thought that the loss of his money so weighed upon his mind, that he resolved to end his life. He went to the Mayor, by the advice of Mr. Patton, but it does not appear in evidence that he succeeded in getting back his money. Deceased was about 25 years of age, and a stranger in the city.

**The Last Man.**—A Cincinnati paper notices the last solitary banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in *memoria* by the last survivor. The first reunion was held on the 11th of October, 1832, and on the 6th October, 1858. Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends whose empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

**Saintly Casualties.**—Within the past three weeks four clergymen have met very sudden deaths. On the 10th ult., Rev. S. N. Evans, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Lane, DeKalb county, Illinois, was killed by lightning. On the same day Rev. John Dowling, of Flatbush, L. I., was thrown from a wagon, and received injuries of which he died. A few days since Rev. P. E. Green, pastor of a Methodist church in Warren, Mississippi, was shot by a man with whom he had some words. On the 10th inst., Rev. Samuel C. Parker, of Medina county, Ohio, was killed by a ball.

**Boston.**—The Boston *Courier* says: A most astounding and bewildering fact was last evening revealed at the Boston Theatre—one which should challenge the immediate attention of framers of naturalization laws, commissioners of emigration, and leaders of the great Native American party throughout the land. This fact is nothing less than that M. Eugene Scribe, hitherto supposed to be an eminent French dramatist and nothing else, is actually "a Gentleman of this City." It must be so, because the bills announced that a new farce by "a Gent man of this City" was to be produced. Now this farce turned out to be simply one of the numerous works of M. Eugene Scribe. Consequently Eugene Scribe is "a Gentleman of this City." Nothing could be plainer. Oliver Leland is the American *nom de plume* of Eugene Scribe. Let the Editors of Appleton's Biographical Encyclopedia please note this great discovery. Mr. & Mrs. Wallace are playing at the Museum with great success. Edwin Booth is at the Boston Theatre.

**Clerical Pagilism.**—For some months past there has been much difficulty in the Colored Calvinist Baptist Church, at New Bedford. The cause of the dissensions is a difference of opinion as to the honesty of the pastor, the Rev. William Pastor, in regard to the church funds. A council had acquitted

the possession of the church records. The pastor was beaten off by a Mrs. Nelson, armed with a cricket; Mr. Secretary Dunlap received upon his new suit of clothes the contents of an oil lamp; James Rich was extensively beaten and kicked; a young girl, who was sheltering Dick Johnson under her seat, was attacked by a Mrs. Bush and her four daughters, and so seriously injured in the sides and abdomen, as to require the care of a physician; a Mrs. Castle was assaulted outside the building; both men and women fought and swore, and the conflict was becoming quite general and miscellaneous, when the police were called in, and put a stop to it.

**Dangers of Yachting.**—Last Saturday afternoon, George Galbraith, Michael Queneey, and three or four other young men between the ages of 15 and 22 years, went down the harbor in the yacht *Pet*, with the intention of fishing and gunning, and were to return on Sunday night. As nothing has yet been heard of them, it is feared that they perished during the gale of Saturday night and Sunday.

**Boston Wishes.**—A Boston editor says: "If Shakespeare could revisit the earth, and with the affections of a man, we should like to see him sitting in his study and cutting the strings of the bundle containing this last edition of his works. We should like to know how the splendor of modern typography would strike his modest eye! We should like to know what, after so long a time, he thought of his own plays. It would not be a bad repast, to hear Shakespeare read *The Tempest*, *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. And, lastly, it would do us great good to see Mr. Shakespeare reading the notes of his commentators. The author of these notes might or might not enjoy it. But we think Mr. White might afford to meet him as well as any. And it would serve him right, if Shakespeare should take him by the hand, and call him a good sensible fellow, that knew how to let the dead alone, or to touch them with reverence and rare delicacy." We would advise Mr. White to get out of "William's" way if they should ever be in the same town at the same time.

**Illustration of a Poem of Tennyson.**—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says:

"A letter received by the Africa brought your correspondent the intelligence that Harrison Weir, the celebrated English artist, has recently completed a large design in illustration of Tennyson's marvellous poem, 'Break, break, break,' &c. He represents the scene in a manner hitherto unattempted, placing the desolate mariner on the seashore at night, throwing on the imagination the task of picturing the 'fisherman's boy' and the 'sailor lad,' but preserving the 'stately ship,' which looms heavily upon the horizon before a stormy moon. The design will probably be published shortly. The *Traveler* should take a paternal interest in this design, since it was originally suggested by its correspondent."

**Boston Delings.**—A correspondent writes: "Judge of our astonishment on recently visiting the Public La'in School in Bedford street, to find a room, lately finished and now occupied, in the cellar, and in which about forty young lads are confined five or six hours each day; it is but 8½ feet high, one-half of it under ground, or below the level of the yard, with only half-sized windows, heated by a stove, with no apparent means of ventilation but by the small windows; the floor probably rests on the ground, or near it, and it is well known as a damp locality."

**Hoboken.**—The *City Gazette* contains an account of an infamous outrage perpetrated upon a poor Irish girl, who had the misfortune to be servant to a gentleman named Brower, of Hudson Terrace. It appears, from Judge Whitley's statement, that she had been engaged as servant, but owing to her sleeping in a damp cellar she fell sick, and was compelled to leave. Mr. Brower evaded the payment of her wages upon the pretext that she had broken a cup, and was summoned before Justice Whitley, who was assailed by Brower in the most vituperative terms. He also showed his valor by assaulting the girl, for which he was held to bail. He then endeavored to prevent her going to New York, and at the ferry a crowd collected, in which Judge Whitley and Brower were conspicuously. The upshot was that the owner of the broken cup was thoroughly booted and hired. We ought to add that the girl, being the plaintiff, was locked up in jail, being poor, while the assailant, being well off, was at large. We understand that the bad conduct of these Hoboken persons is partly owing to the lax behavior of the New Jersey clergy, who only run after the rich, and have not the courage to act the Gospel. But with Bishop Doane as a diocesan, perhaps nothing better can be expected. Birds of a feather!

While we are writing about Hoboken, we may as well put our New York charitable persons on their guard against some women who make a practice of collecting subscriptions for 'deserving objects,' and keeping the money for themselves!

**Philadelphia.**—We understand that the recent infamous proceedings in this city against Mr. Leslie, for alleged libel on some corrupt officials, has aroused the editorial fraternity to that city and Washington to the danger and absurdity of the present law of libel. Dr. S. Mackenzie, of the *Press*, has been requested to draw up a new law, which will be submitted to Congress. There ought, certainly, to be a distinction made between public and private libels. What possible malice can the proprietor of a newspaper have against men he never heard of, until their proceedings as officials brings him into collision with them? And why should members of a committee, appointed to investigate a notorious nuisance, be exempt from a criticism every statesman, from a President to a poundkeeper, is subject to? We think much credit is due to the editors who lately met in Philadelphia to consider this important subject, so intimately connected with the liberty of the press.

**Contest for a Lover.**—On Sunday afternoon last, as a citizen of the Eighth ward was passing along Mercer, near Prince street, he found two young women in deadly conflict concerning their respective rights to the regards of a Boston Lothario, who, although he had a wife, had succeeded in captivating both these zealous adorners to such an extent, that they had followed him to this city to wage war for the prize. One of the heroines used her scissors with desperate energy, in vain endeavors to spill her rival's blood, and so relieve herself of a dangerous suitor for her lover's affections. About the time she had succeeded in cutting her rival's finger, and inflicting direful wounds upon her person, this dastardly citizen took her away to the station-house, that her affections may simmer down to gentler impulses.

**Accident at a Target Excursion.**—On Tuesday, the Washington Volunteers went on a target excursion from Williamsburg to Flushing, and stopped at the house of Mr. Gooderson. While there, a party of young men commenced wrestling, and this attracted quite a crowd. A little boy, named August Benz, aged to years, and as a color boy to the company, came up to see the sport, having in his hand a loaded musket. As he got within a short distance, he tripped, and the lock of the gun catching in the underbrush, it went off, the charge entering the leg of Henry Curtis, below the knee, and shattering the bone so that amputation will be necessary. The charge also passed through the thigh of John O'Brien, and the ball struck another man in the breast, but inflicted no serious injury to him. Mr. Gooderson had surgical aid called, and the wounded were conveyed to their residences. Mr. O'Brien's injuries are not serious.

**Vice-President Breckenridge.** In a letter, says: "The other rumor to which you refer is true. I have often, in conversation, expressed the wish that Mr. Douglas may succeed over his Republican competitor. But it is due to candor to say that this preference is not founded on his course at the late session of Congress, and would not exist if I supposed it would be construed as an endorsement of the attitude which he then chose to assume towards his party, or of all the positions he has taken in the present canvass. It is not necessary to enlarge on these things. I will only add, that my preference rests mainly on these considerations: that the Kansas question is practically ended; that Mr. Douglas, in recent speeches, has explicitly declared his adherence to the regular Democratic party organization; that he seems to be the candidate of the Illinois Democracy, and the most formidable opponent in that State of the Republican party; and that on more than one occasion during his public life he has defended the Union of the States and the rights of the States with fidelity, courage and great ability."

**Morrissey and Heenan.**—About twelve o'clock Thursday evening, Heenan, one of the principals in the late prize-fight, entered the bar-room of the Lafayette Hall, in Broadway, which was crowded at the time. He had been several times during the evening, apparently in quest of some one to make his way towards the billiard-room, in the rear of the bar-room, and called for Jerry Bryant, who immediately followed Heenan towards the bar, where William Hastings (Dublin Tricks), one of the seconds of Morrissey, and several of his friends were drinking. Heenan took a position at the side of Dublin Tricks at the bar, and asked him whether he had ever made any remarks derogatory to his (Heenan's) character as a fighter. "Tricks" replied that he had not. Heenan immediately replied: "You lie (coupling it with an expletive), I have a witness;" and immediately followed the remark with a tremendous slap on the side of Hastings' head, which nearly knocked him down. A desperate rough-and-tumble fight then ensued—some of the crowd endeavoring to part them, and others being in favor of letting them fight it out—which resulted in Heenan's giving Hastings a dreadful beating, it eventually becoming necessary to take Heenan off by main force. Hastings' face was dreadfully cut, and he was otherwise badly injured, and was forced to retreat behind the counter to escape Heenan's fury. The police now rushed in with a large crowd of the "fancy," when Heenan quietly retreated through the billiard room and made his escape. The lights in the house were immediately turned down, and the crowd were pelted by the police. Hastings is well-known as having fought and beaten Orrville Gardner some years since in a ring fight, and is now the keeper of a public-house in Centre street.

**Unnatural Murders.**—On Wednesday a most atrocious crime was committed by a youth named Gouldie, who, to avenge a reprimand his father had administered for his irregular conduct, and for coming home late after the family hours, went up to his own bedroom, got a hatchet, and returning to his father's room, murderously assaulted him, and laid him senseless on the floor. The noise arousing his mother, who was in bed, she entered the room, when the monster fellied her, and also frightfully injured two brothers. In going up stairs to his own room he met his father's two domestics, whom he attacked with equal ferocity; he then went to his own room, and shot himself. He died a few minutes after thus inflicting justice upon himself. He was buried on Friday, October 29, in Greenwood Cemetery.

**Not Bad.**—A new correspondent, who rejoices in the cognomen of James Rodney Jackson, sends us a light touch at the Britishers:

An Englishman reading the Word to his daughter,  
Spoke of hewers of wood and drawers of water;  
The girl for a moment seemed puzzled for speech,  
Then answered (being English she lopped off the H),  
"What his chambers—if ever you should,  
You'll see 'sawers of water and drawers of wood.'"

**California.**—The United States mail steamship *St. Louis*, from Aspinwall on the 19th, arrived on Thursday, with two weeks' later intelligence from the Pacific coast. Her dates from San Francisco are to October 5. The California was unimportant. On the 27th ult. the laying of the Atlantic cable was celebrated with unexampled pomp at San Francisco, and with due honor at other points of the State. Much satisfaction was felt at San Francisco at the completion of the water works, introducing the waters of Lobos Creek into the city. Mining interests were generally active in the State, though on the eve of the rainy season. A. J. Taylor, familiarly known as "Natchez," the keeper of a shooting gallery and saleroom for arms in San Francisco, was killed on the 24th ult. by an accidental shot from a pistol in the hands of John Travers. Travers was bargaining for a pistol, and, in examining the weapon laid before him, snatched one, which, by the gross carelessness of the deceased, was unexpectedly loaded and capped. To Travers' horror, the pistol exploded, and Taylor fell dead, having received the ball in his brain.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

In the Guildhall Police Court, London, on the 14th of October, Lieutenant Francis Higginson, of the Royal Navy, made an unsuccessful attempt for a summons against the Atlantic Telegraph Company, charging them with fraud. A long and quite undignified and uncourteous conversation between the magistrates and the applicant and his friends is reported in the London papers. Lieutenant Higginson said his object was to show that there is no cable down between Valencia and Newfoundland, and that there never has been any telegraphic communication between the two countries.

The London *Daily News* publishes a long letter from Mr. H. Hyde, the business manager of the Hughes telegraphic instruments, in response to the insinuations of Mr. Whitehouse, in regard to the adaptability of the Hughes machines for ocean telegraphing. Mr. Hyde refutes the several statements of Mr. Whitehouse, exposes his designs, and shows that the Hughes instruments have clearly proved their superiority over all other systems for working the Atlantic cable.

## IRELAND.

It is proposed to give an enlarged and permanent character to the steam transit lately established between Galway and America, and a prospectus of the Atlantic and Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, with a capital of £500,000, in £10 shares, has been issued for the purpose. The service is to be weekly, and the principal advantages set forth by the promoters are, that it will save one or two days to all passengers, and, owing to its telegraphic facilities, will enable messages to pass between London and Washington in about six days; that the dangers of the Channel are avoided; that there will be a saving of insurance as well as of wear and tear from the reduced sea distance.

## INDIA.

This once formidable mutiny is drawing to a close. The last accounts say, at Mooltan, in the Punjab, two native Bengal regiments, who had been long disarmed, broke out into insurrection on the 31st of August, and attempted to seize the guns. They failed, and were nearly annihilated, 400 having been killed at once, while the remainder fled, actively pursued by the police and cavalry. Near Allahabad a body of plunderers have been attacked and routed, 200 having been slain, with their leader Punjab Singh. In Rohilund another rebel force has been defeated, with a loss of three guns and their camp equipage; and in Rajpootana the mutineers, under Tadaia Topes, after having robbed and defeated a faithful Rajah, and secured a large amount of treasure and forty guns, have been in turn fallen in with by the British and dispersed in all directions, with a loss of thirty guns.

The *Calcutta Englishman* says: "Taking a general view of our position, it must be admitted that since the setting in of the periodical rains the dispersion of the rebels is limited to a narrower circle than would have been the case at any other season of the year, and with the several columns now extended over the principal portions of the disaffected districts, we are in a position to exercise a greater check upon the movements of the enemy. The ensuing cold weather will no doubt see the end of the mutineers. We learn that the Begum of Lucknow has offered to give up the Nena to the British Government, provided she is pardoned."

We cannot but consider it doubtful whether such an offer has been made, as the statement does not appear in the official despatches, but it is nevertheless possible. If it has indeed been made, Lord Canning will undoubtedly accept it, as it would be difficult to strike a heavier blow at the now expiring rebellion than the removal of the fendish Nena from the scene. The Begum, too, would be better pardoned and consigned to obscurity than permitted to remain in hostile activity.

## CHINA.

The Hong Kong mail of August 24 reports that Admiral Seymour had returned from Japan, but Lord Elgin had proceeded to Jeddo with the steam yacht, which he would present to the Emperor.

It was rumored at Canton that one of the Commissioners who met the Ambassadors in the North, and who bears a character for conciliation, had been appointed Viceroy of the Canton province.

The town of Namton was spared by the British, though the forts were destroyed. The report that the town was sacked was unfounded.

The Chinese were coming back by degrees to Hong Kong and Macao. Trade continued dull at Hong Kong. At Amoy little or nothing had been done in tea. At Foo-chow-Foo there had been a moderate business, and at an advance of 1 to 1½ taels.

At Shanghai the exports were 8,000,000 lbs. short of last year. A very moderate business had been done at former prices. Silks had given way in price, but subsequently recovered.

Mr. Reed, United States Commissioner, was at Shanghai, awaiting the arrival of the Chinese Commissioners, &c.

## HAWAII.

Our advices from the Sandwich Islands are to September 16. The treaty with France had just been received, with the Emperor's ratification. From the returning whalers the accounts of Arctic adventure were discouraging. The loading of guano at the new-found islands proceeded fortunately.

## CENTRAL AMERICA.

The intelligence from Nicaragua is unimportant. The American and British squadrons remained at Greytown, the Devastation and Valorous being expected to reinforce the latter. The river steamer *Cass-Yrissari* was aground at the Machuca Rapids, awaiting a rise of the water to float it off. The agent of the White Steamship Company had desired to purchase necessary land at Greytown, but the British Consul had declined to authorize a sale, until the arrival of Sir Wm. G. Ouseley. From the interior we learn that the inauguration of the new Constitution was celebrated with great enthusiasm. The U.S. ship-of-war *Dacatur* was daily expected at Realejo, on the Pacific side.

## GOSSIP OF THE WORLD

## ENGLAND.

**An Old Acquaintance.**—Sir William Don, the tall comedian, who visited this country nine years ago, turns "wrong side up" in an English paper. "At the Sunderland Police Court, last week, Sir William Don, Bart., who has been fulfilling an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, in that town, was charged with having wilfully assaulted Edgar Burchell, a performer at the same theatre, and with doing wilful damage to a hat, coat and shirt, his property, to the amount of £1 5s. The complainant stated that on the evening previous he was playing the character of Glimmer, in the interlude of 'The Two Buzzards,' in which piece Sir William was John Snail; that, having gone on to the stage with his hat on, Sir William asked him to take it off, telling him that if he did not he would knock his head off. The same thing occurred a second time; but after the curtain went down he went to offer an explanation to Sir William, who seized and dragged him to the window of the property room, knocked him against some lumber, tore his shirt, crushed his hat, tore his coat, and nearly strangled him; that he had brought this charge, not to extort money, but to expose his brutal conduct. Mr. Young addressed the Bench on behalf of the defendant, and admitted the assault. Mr. Young then proceeded to say that it was the custom of every well-bred Englishman in private to remove his hat in the presence of ladies, and that his client was only doing his best to have the rules of etiquette strictly adhered to, and became incensed on finding that complainant did not comply therewith, by not taking his hat off. The magistrate convicted Sir William of the assault, and fined him £1 and costs, and 10s. 6d. for damages to the man's clothes."

There has seldom been a greater scam than this man. He brought over with him that charming actress, Mrs. Stephens, who supported the worthless fellow through a long illness. He ill-treated her, as he did every one that ever showed him any kindness, and if he has a spark of human feeling in him, her melancholy end must wring his bosom. Her subsequent degradation was owing to him, for she afterwards fell as low as to live with some mechanic employed behind the scenes of a Broadway theatre.

**Strong Buildings.**—Our forefathers certainly knew how to build! We are afraid none of our marble palaces or churches will stand six centuries, as Salisbury Cathedral has done. An English newspaper says:

"It will be gratifying to know that no declination of the spire of this cathedral has taken place since 1668, when it was plumbbed by the late Sir Christopher Wren, and who recommended that this test be often repeated." It was repeated by Mr. Naish, in 1680, by Mr. Thomas Naish, in 1736 and 1739, by the Clerk of the Works, in 1837 and 1840, and also on the 30th September, 1868, being the 600th anniversary of the dedication of the cathedral."

**Scotch Rapacity.**—A peer of the realm had, during the railway mania, the face to ask and receive £40,000 as compensation for the loss of four acres of mere agricultural land remote from towns. His son was so ashamed of the transaction that he returned the money. We know a firm which claimed £126,000 compensation from the corporation for having to remove in consequence of cannon street improvements. They were awarded only the odd £25,000. But the rapacity of the Macgregor throws these cases into the shade—he claimed £33,000 for fourteen acres of bigland bog, and was awarded by the Dean of Faculty £200, or about the 180th part of his claim, even then receiving at least £550 more than the land was worth.

**A Frightful Murder.**—A most determined attempt at murder and suicide took place at Loughton, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, last month. The injuries inflicted on the victim, a young woman about twenty years of age, were of a most serious description, although not attended with immediate



consequences of a fatal kind. The following statement has been taken by the police, as little boys remain in the poor girl's recovery. It appears that one evening a young man, named John Whitwood, visited his sweetheart, a young woman of the name of Sarah Hair, in the service of Mr. George Culbert, St. John's, Laughton, near Rotherham. On his arrival he stated that he had been to Whiston (a village distant about six miles) with a horse, he having a halter with him at the time. The statement, however, has since been found to be a fabrication. He asked permission of the girl's master to stay a short time; this was granted, and the master and mistress retired to bed. He remained in the house until one o'clock in the morning, when he prepared to leave, and asked the girl to accompany him a short distance on his way home. She consented, and went as far as Throtham Common, a most unfrequented spot. On arriving there he accused her of intimacy with other men, which she denied. He still persisted in his accusations, and offered her to take some poison he had with him, saying he would take half, and they could die together. The girl refused to consent to his diabolical proposition, when he threw her upon the ground, swearing he would murder her. He then knelt upon her chest, drew a large knife from his pocket, and inflicted a severe gash on her throat, cutting the windpipe quite through. She struggled violently and screamed, and at last succeeded in getting up; but as she was doing so he made another severe wound in her throat. While he had her upon the ground he stamped upon her head in a brutal and savage manner. In the struggle both her hands were severely cut, and an awful gash inflicted on her chin. The poor girl, by a superhuman effort, at last managed to get back to her master's house, fainting from loss of blood. Assistance was immediately procured, and Dr. Latimer was soon in attendance. He pronounced her life to be in imminent danger, although it was just possible, with extreme care, that she might recover, as no main artery had been severed. In the meantime, Whitwood had made his way to Worsop, where he attempted his own life by cutting his throat. The police, however, were soon on his track, and took him in custody.

**Hops.**—On Sunday morning (says the *Plymouth Journal*) the worshippers at St. Andrew's Church were not a little surprised and amused at a remarkable circumstance that occurred there to a lady who was blessed with a superabundance of the present fashionable expander. For the advantage of the attendants, the churchwardens have had placed about the church, in convenient corners, ties to receive the drainage from umbrellas in wet weather. On Sunday morning a lady, swollen *à la mode*, while passing one of these ties, happened, by an unlucky chance, to seize one at the bottom of her dress, and as she passed along it beat on the ground with the same kind of noise as a dog that is tail-piped. The sounds attracted the congregation, many of whom laughed heartily, and the churchwardens left his post to ascertain the cause of a noise so unusual, but he was preceded by the vergier, who had hastened to the lady's assistance, and removed the annoying connection.

**An Excellent Plan.**—A few days ago a lady of fashionable appearance alighted from a carriage and entered a large drapery establishment, not one hundred miles from the Elephant and Castle, where she selected a parcel of goods to the value of nearly £100. When her purchases were completed she stated that she had forgotten to bring her cheque book, and desired that one of the young men would accompany her home with the goods, when she would hand him a cheque for the amount. Not liking to entrust the business to any of his numerous employees, the wary proprietor himself stepped into the carriage with the lady, and was rapidly driven to Peckham, where, at a large and respectable-looking house, they alighted, and the goods were taken in. The lady then politely ushered the anxious and wary line-drawer into the drawing-room, desiring him to wait a brief moment until she fetched the cheque-book. The brief moment passed, and many more also, but the lady did not make her appearance. Half-an-hour elapsed, three-quarters, yes, an hour had gone by, and still the fashionable debtor did not come. Meanwhile, the worthy draper became anxious, frightened, furious, and, rising up, vigorously applied the bell rope. This brought in a man-servant, who was instantly attacked with a string of questions as to the lady and the goods. The man replied in a gruff and commanding tone that unless he (the draper) behaved himself in a milder manner he should be placed under restraint, for that he (the speaker) had positive instructions to confine all lunatics who were intractable. "Who are you and what is this place?" were next asked by the panting creditor, almost in one breath. "This is a private asylum for lunatics, and I am the keeper, coolly observed the man, "and unless you can manage to draw it mild I shall put you into the strong room." The horrible truth was out. The fashionable lady had forged two physicians' certificates, had prepared the proprietor of the asylum for the reception of his customer by stating herself to be his wife, and ingeniously indicating the form his madness took, and after purchasing the goods had driven to this place, and, lodging her customer, had departed, cunningly returning the parcel containing the property to the carriage, and thus housing both the draper and the proprietor of the asylum. The driver of the carriage must, of course, have been in "at the game."

**Naval Affairs.**—John Bull is evidently getting his steam up for any emergency that may arise. Admiral Fremantle is cruising in the Channel with nine screw steamers, mounting 780 guns. In military affairs equal activity is displayed, the recruiting averaging 1,500 men weekly. The royal marine are to be increased by 5,000 men. Prince Adalbert of Prussia, Lord High Admiral of the Prussian navy, made an inspection of the establishments and ships at Devonport on Monday. His royal highness arrived at Spithead on Tuesday morning.

**The Last of the Mail-Coaches.**—The old Derby mail, the last of the four-horse coaches out of Manchester, has finished its course. When the rivalry of rails and steam had run all other coaches off the road, the "Derby Dilly" still held its own, and the well-known route through Buxton and Bakeswell to Rowsley could still boast its "four-in-hand," though "the team" was hardly equal to what had been seen when coaching was in its best days. It was thought that railways would not find their way through the Peak, but the Midland line penetrated as far as Rowsley some time ago, and more recently the London and North Western have reached Whaley-bridge on the other side, leaving but a short link to be filled up, and the last of the old four-in-hand mails has succumbed to the competition of the iron horse.

**English Theatricals.**—The English are a queer set. A London paper thus announces the return of Mr. Charles Mathews and Miss Lizzie Jackson Weston Turner Vandorne Bland Davenport Forrest, *alias* Mrs. Charles Mathews. Is there any morality, common sense, or dramatic judgment left in England? The notice applies to the Haymarket: "The reappearance of Mr. Charles Mathews and his American bride, which had been previously announced to take place at this house, had the effect of crowding it to the very selling on Monday night. The moment he appeared before the audience he was greeted with reiterated demonstrations of welcome. Besides the acknowledgments naturally bestowed upon our most popular English comedian, the curiosity of seeing the pretty woman he had taken for his wife had perhaps some share in causing the enthusiasm manifested on the occasion. The play was the old and admirable comedy of 'London Assurance,' in which Mr. Mathews played Dazzle with a buoyancy to which his American trip appears to have given a fresh zest, and Mrs. Mathews, as Lady Gay Spawker, disclosed all the personal beauties with which rumor had invested her, exhibiting in addition many proofs of dramatic capacity and natural spirit. The reception of both was exceedingly cordial, and audience and actors appeared to be in the best possible humor with each other." Wilkie Collins, the famous author of "Anonina," the "Light House," and the "Frozen Deep," has produced a new piece, called the "Red Vial," at the Olympic, which was a very mysterious piece of grim horror. Wilkie Collins is a man of labor, not of genius. The plot is full of strong points. There is a poisoning scene—an antidote one—and then a sort of La Morgue, in which heavy corpses lie stiff as starch, waiting, not for the Resurrection, but for coroners. Just as they are going to bury the hero, that remarkable individual arises, and pitches into them. What more horrible denouement could be desired? Despite all these raw pork vagaries, the common sense of the public was exercised, and the piece was (technically speaking) damned, as it deserved to be. At Drury Lane the Pyne and Harrison troupe has produced "Martha." It was a brilliant success. Miss Pyne sang superbly, and as the Bottom of the *Herald* says, was botanized with bouquets at the end of the opera! What a pity our musical critics on the daily New York papers are such thistle feeders—otherwise we might improve them. Mr. Charles Kean is about reproducing "King John." Madame Tussaud has added to her gallery wax models of our President, Corcoran Connerly, John Graham, and as a sort of companion to keep the latter in countenance, Peter Funk!

#### SCOTLAND.

**Tam O'Shanter.**—It is intended to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns in January next, at his birthplace on the banks of the Doon, in a manner and on a scale befitting the occasion. Sir James Ferguson will occupy the chair, while Professor Aytoun has been requested to act as croupier.

#### FRANCE.

Orders are understood to have been given for accelerating the reparations and embellishments in progress at that delightful palace and garden L'Elysée (Bourbon) Napoleon, Faubourg St. Honoré, to accommodate suitably the Czar Alexander, whose coming is announced for next spring.

The *Moniteur* contains, in a side page, a circular which is a death-warrant to a multitude of minor journals in Paris. By a return to the strict letter of the law, and contrary to a long received practice, no newspaper not stamped will be hereafter allowed to insert advertisements. Hitherto the stamp has only been exacted for political journals; very many, the names of which are little known, have enjoyed a wide circulation, steering clear of politics, but giving gossip and piquant personalities. The extinction of some of these will scarcely be a social evil, but the principle is bad.

The Emperor is at the Camp of Chalons, entertaining General Codrington, formerly Commander-in-chief of the English forces in the Crimea.

The prospect of another prince or princess, perhaps both, is a current subject of conversation in the fashionable salons of Paris.

The *Echo du Pas de Calais* states that the mistresses of the ladies' schools at Arras have just come to an understanding to prohibit their pupils from wearing crinolines.

A negro, demi-devil and demi-sorcerer, is making a foray in Paris; a fine, handsome negro, well-made, covered with diamonds and jewelry, and drawn by a pair of valuable horses in an elegant carriage, living in luxurious apartments, demanding fabulous prices for his drugs, which he administers himself. His room is constantly filled with the credulous and the rich.

The French corps in the Papal dominions has been raised from 6,000 to 11,000 men.

The Paris *Débats* states that M. De Lesseps, now that he has obtained the necessary power from the Viceroy of Egypt, has come to the determination to proceed at once with the Suez Canal project, in spite of the opposition of England and the Porte. He leaves the political part of the question be settled

by diplomacy, and to his own Government he will look for that protection to which, as a French subject, he is entitled.

**Our Poetess.**—Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis is the guest of the Baroness de Bellecote in Paris, and has received much attention from some of the most distinguished literary persons. At a *société* at Madame Fagnani's she met several of the most popular authors of the capital.

**Pellaster's Marriage.**—This renowned warrior and Arab-roaster was married to Miss Panico on the 12th ult. It was celebrated with great pomp in the Imperial Chapel of St. Cloud. The bride is thirty-three, the bridegroom sixty-seven, a difference just sufficient to entitle him to that respect with which the wife ought always to regard her lord and master.

#### NAPLES.

The accounts from Naples are deepening in shade at every post. "Alas! poor country, almost afraid to know itself!" No man feels himself safe from arrest. The police enter the houses of peaceful citizens at night and carry off the inmates from their agonised families. Nicholas Sole, the poet, was dragged off to gaol in the dead of the night, with a score or so of his friends. The Duke Proto, and Duke Caracciola, son of Prince Torella, have also disappeared, but whether they have escaped and succeeded in flying from a danger which menaced them with the rest of the inhabitants is not known. The cause of this increased tyranny is this. A stranger embarked on this island of Procida, and finding no boat to carry him across to Cape Miseno, resolved to swim through the narrow straits, and perished in the attempt; his corpse was washed ashore, and on it were found letters, proclamations and the evidences of an extensively organized conspiracy.

**Why is the King of Naples called Bomba?**—In Italy, when you tell a man a thing which he knows to be false, or when he wishes to convey to you the idea of the utter worthlessness of any thing or person, he puffs out his cheek like a bagpiper in full blow, smiles it with his forefinger and allows the pent breath to explode with the exclamation, "Bomba!" I have witnessed the gesture and heard the sound. Hence, after 1849, when regal oaths, in the name of the Holy Trinity, were found to be as worthless as a beggar's, in the name of Bacchus or the Madonna, when Ferdinand was perceived to be a worthless liar, his quick-witted people whispered this name. He was called King Bomba, King Puffcheek, King Liar, King Knave. The name and his character were then so much in harmony that it spread widely; and they have been so much in harmony ever since that he has retained it till now, and will retain it, I suppose, till he is bundled into his unhonored grave.

#### ITALY.

**Extraordinary Narrative.**—The *Opinions* of Turin has the following very singular story: "The parish priest of Varoscia was called up a few nights ago to administer the sacrament to a dying person, and as he was returning home, accompanied by two villagers, he perceived to his surprise a light in a cottage. Having with his companions entered the house they were astonished to perceive the occupier of it, his wife and his daughter, hanging by the neck to a beam of the ceiling! They cut them down, and found that the man and woman were dead, but that the girl, though senseless, was alive, and they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. She then stated that a number of brigands, headed by the servant of the priest himself, had forced their way into the house, broken open all the drawers and closets, possessed themselves of everything of value, and then hanged her parents and herself. The priest, full of horror, went home with the two men, and ordered his servant to go into the cellar for wine. The man made some objection, but the priest having insisted, down he went, and the priest locked him in. He then rang the tocin, and nearly all the inhabitants of the village having assembled he caused the cellar to be entered. There were found there, including the servant, six bandits, with the booty which they had taken from the peasant's house. All the six were immediately secured."

**Career of a Yorkshire Groom.**—Baron Ward, the famed Yorkshire groom, who played so important a part at the Court of Parma, has just died at Vienna. The history of this extraordinary man is full of remarkable events. He left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna, as jockey, he became employed by the then reigning Duke of Luca. He was at Luca promoted from the stable to be valet to his Royal Highness. This service he performed up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court. Eventually he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. At this period he became an active agent of Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II., and placed the youthful Charles III. on the throne, who, it will be remembered was assassinated before his own palace in 1854. As soon as Charles III. came to the throne the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When the present Duchess Regent assumed State authority Ward retired from public life and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian dominions. Without any educational foundation he contrived to write and speak German, French and Italian, and conducted the affairs of State with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to a humble person of Vienna, and has left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward—the groom, statesman and friend of sovereigns.

#### CHILI.

**Railroads.**—On the 29th of August, twelve miles of railroad on this elevated land were finished. Mr. Taggart, the engineer of the Copiapo Railway, making an experimental trip on the new piece of road with the engine Chili, which was most satisfactory. The summit of the Copiapo extension railway, which is at the distance of two miles from the present terminus of the railway, is 4,470 feet above the sea. Before the return of the next celebration of Chili independence, steam will have surmounted this high point, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive will have sounded its exulting cry among the hills of Atacama, at an elevation of 1,400 to 1,500 feet higher than in any other part of the world. This is a point in the progress of railways worthy of note. It leads the reflecting mind to believe that the day is not far distant when the locomotive will find its way to the summit of the Cordilleras, opening new channels of commerce and wealth to the natives on the east and the west.

The Copiapo extension railway is being built under the direction of Mr. W. W. Evans, for an English company. It is reported that another railway, to connect the rich silver mines Tres-Puntas with the Copiapo railway, a distance of fifty-four miles, will soon be commenced for another English company, under the direction of Mr. Evans. The road will have its terminus in the desert of Atacama, at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea. On the whole route there is no vegetation, nor is there any water, nor does it ever rain in this region. Yet at these mines, so high in the mountains and so far from the actual sources of luxury, are often to be found on the tables of the miners the choicest wines and the most costly delicacies which money can produce. Mines which can yield metal worth from thirty to thirty-five thousand dollars a ton can well afford to indulge its directors in luxuries and laugh at all expenses. During the "Fiestas" the common creek miner can often be seen indulging his own and his neighbor's fancy for a drink in a punch which costs him an ounce of gold. The line of the railway to Tres-Puntas has rich copper mines on both sides for most of the distance. Besides the silver mines at the terminus, there are also many gold mines. It remains to be seen what other mineral wealth will be developed in this truly wonderful metallic region when this railway is completed.

#### PORTUGAL.

**Dispute with France.**—It is rumored that the dispute between France and Portugal, on the seizure of the Charles George, is settled amicably. Two French lines of battle ships had arrived in the Tagus. Next to the arrogance of a great power, the most disgusting thing in the world is the impertinence of a weak one—Spain, Mexico, and the Central America States seem to be sunk among nations—none like to touch them—otherwise we should have put them out of existence long ago! Oh, for one hour of Andrew Jackson! What would we not give to hear an American President say to an European Power, "You shall pay or fight, by the Eternal."

#### CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

**GRAND NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO PAUL MORPHY.**—It has been proposed that a meeting of Chess players be held in the city of New York, for the purpose of discussing the manner in which this enterprise should be carried out, and for the purpose of organizing the central and local committees. The call should be to every Chess player throughout the country, and ample time allowed for all to attend who may see fit. The matter should be made one of general interest, and kept such. A preliminary meeting of the players in New York and the immediate vicinity should be held at once.

**MR. PERRIN AND DR. RAPHAEL.**—This match is ended by Mr. Perrin winning seven games, the number stipulated, and Dr. Raphael winning two. None drawn.

The following is from Mr. Löwenthal's paper, the *London Era*. We are promised Mr. Staunton's reply; our readers may expect to find it in the next week's paper:

#### MR. MORPHY'S CHALLENGE TO MR. STAUNTON.

To the Editor of the *Era*:

SIR—May I request you to add to the great kindness shown me by your paper since my arrival in Europe, by publishing in your forthcoming number the accompanying copy of a letter to Howard Staunton, Esq.? I shall esteem it a favor, as I am most desirous that my true position with reference to that gentleman should at length be put in its proper light before the public. I have the honor to remain, sir, your very obedient servant,

PAUL MORPHY.

CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS, October, 1858.

**HOWARD STAUNTON, Esq.:**  
SIR—On my arrival in England, three months since, I renewed the challenge to you personally which the New Orleans Chess Club had given some months previously. You immediately accepted, but demanded a month's delay in order to prepare yourself for the contest. Subsequently, you proposed that the time should be postponed until after the Birmingham meeting,

to which I assented. On the approach of the period you had fixed, I addressed you a communication, requesting that the necessary preliminaries might be immediately settled, but you left London without replying to it. I went to Birmingham for the express purpose of asking you to put a stop to further delay by fixing a date for the opening of our match; but before the opportunity presented itself you came to me, and, in the presence of Lord Lytton, Mr. Avery and other gentlemen, you stated that your time was much occupied in editing a new edition of Shakespeare, and that you were under heavy bonds to your publishers accordingly. But you reiterated your intention to play me, and said that if I would consent to a further postponement until the first week in November, you would, within a few days, communicate with me and fix the exact date. I have not heard further from you, either privately, by letter, or through the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

A statement appeared in the Chess department of that journal, a few weeks since, that "Mr. Morphy had come to Europe unprovided with backers or seconds;" the inference being obvious that my want of funds was the reason of our match not taking place. As you are the editor of that department of the *Illustrated London News*, I felt hurt that a gentleman who had always received me at his club, and elsewhere, with great kindness and courtesy, should allow so prejudicial a statement to be made in reference to me—one, too, which is not strictly in accordance with fact.

Permit me to repeat what I have invariably declared in every Chess community I have had the honor of entering, that I am not a professional player—that I never wished to make any skill I possess the means of pecuniary advancement—and that my earnest desire is never to play for any stake but honor. My friends in New Orleans, however, subscribed a certain sum, without any countenance from me, and that sum has been ready for you to meet a considerable time past. Since my arrival in Paris I have been assailed by numerous gentlemen that the value of those stakes can be immediately increased to any amount; but, for myself personally, reputation is the only incentive I recognise.

The matter of seconds cannot, certainly, offer any difficulty. I had the pleasure of being first received in London by the St. George's Chess Club, of which you are so distinguished a member; and of those gentlemen I request the honor of appointing my seconds, to whom I give full authority in settling all preliminaries.

In conclusion, I beg leave to state that I have addressed a copy of this letter to several editors, being most desirous that our true position should no longer be misunderstood by the community at large.

Again requesting you to fix the date for commencing our match, I have the honor to remain, sir, your very humble servant,

PAUL MORPHY.

**MATCH BETWEEN MORPHY AND HARRWITZ.**—This match has been prematurely brought to a conclusion by the resignation of Mr. Harwitz on the plea of ill health; the score, after the eighth sitting, being—Mr. Morphy, 5; Harwitz, 2; drawn, 1. Perhaps this was a wise step on the part of Mr. H., as it was very unlikely indeed that he would win another game; in fact, the young American champion has beaten his opponent with the greatest ease. Mr. Morphy's acceptance of the resignation and refusal of the stakes is but what we should have anticipated of one who is as honorable as he is chivalrous.

**MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. MARACHE AND HORWER.**—This match is being played at the Brooklyn Chess Club, Basford's Rooms, corner of Court and Remsen streets—a game to be played every Wednesday and Saturday evening. All Chess players are invited to witness it. Present state of the score:

Marache.....1. Horner.....2.  
Mr. M. gives the odds of Pawn and two moves.

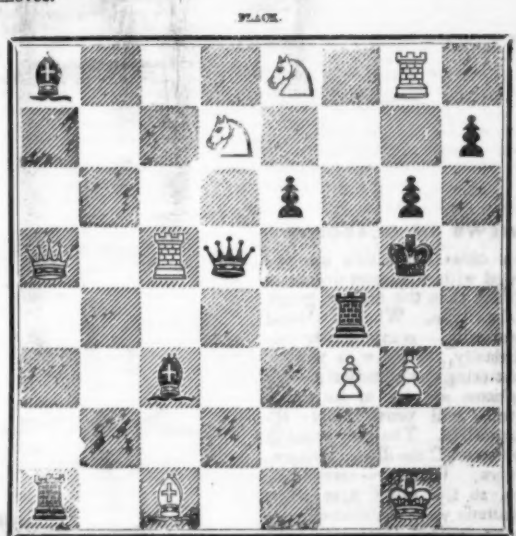
**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—GIDEON, Bedford, L. I. Your problem is very good, and shall soon appear.—E. A. B. Position in two moves (No. 14) is an end game. It will hardly pass for a problem.—CARLTON, N. Y. Send solution to your three move problem. We believe it to be incorrect. The objection to your proposed changes in notation is that you "English" it, while we have endeavored to exclude everything that cannot be understood as well by a German or Frenchman as by an American or Englishman.—F. H. THURBER, Providence, R. I. Have written by mail.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25, 1858.

**To Mr. T. Frère, Chess Editor Frank Leslie's:**  
The admirable system of Chess notation exemplified in your last paper cannot fail to impress every one of its superiority over the methods hitherto in use. Its simplicity and conciseness commend it, and we hope to see it universally adopted; and, with a view to promote that end, would be pleased to avail ourselves of your kind offer of a plate of explanations. I am, with much respect, yours, &c.,  
CHESS EDITOR OF PHILA. SUNDAY MERCURY.

**SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.**—F. S. STEINER, Cooperstown, N. Y. (We agree with you: "The new system of notation is capital. Cook is a genius, and Morphy is King.")—E. B., Chicago, Ill. (We give your opinion: "Your new system of notation I believe to be very simple and easily understood, although at the first sight the figures seem to embarrass one.")—E. S. TORREY, Jersey City. (The White Q should have been White K.)—P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C. (When the "Morphy's testimonial" enterprise has taken a tangible shape, we will inform you.)—W. H. C., N. Y. (We quote from your letter: "In the meantime, I have prevailed a little on the specimens in this week's *Leslie*, and I find that there is no difficulty in using the notation which you recommend, though there is excessive difficulty in some of the problems illustrating it. I send you my solutions, which have cost me a severe headache.")—WARREN STREET, N. Y.; J. C. K., Abingdon, Canada West. (Your solution of Brown's problem is not correct.)—J. D., Detroit, Mich.

**PROBLEM No. 169.**—Dedicated to N. MARACHE, Esq., by JOHN GARDNER, of Brooklyn. White to play and checkmate in four moves.



WHITE.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. HARRWITZ AND PAUL MORPHY.—SIXTH GAME.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. H.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. H.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	25 K to R 4	P to Q K 3
2 K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	26 P to Q K 4	P to K R 4
3 P to Q 4	P to P	27 P to K R 4	K to K 2
4 Q to K 2	K Kt to B 3 (a)	28 R to K 2	R to Q 2
5 P to K 5	P to P (b)	29 B to Q 6	R to K 4
6 Q to K 4 (ch)	K to K 3	30 K Kt 3	R to K Kt sq
7 Kt to K 3	B to K 3	31 R to K B 3	K to K 2
8 Kt to Q B 3	B to Q 3	32 P to Q R 4	P to Q R 4
9 Kt to Q B 4	B Kt Kt	33 B Kt Kt	K to H 3
10 B Kt B	R to K sq (ch)	34 K to B 4	P to K Kt 4
11 B to K 3	K to K 2	35 K to Kt 5 (d)	Q R P Kt P
12 Castles (Q R)	P to Q R 3	36 P Kt Q R P	P Kt P
13 B to K Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2	37 K Kt P	R to Q Kt sq (ch)
14 Kt to K 4	P to K R 3	38 K to R 5	K to Q 4
15 B Kt Kt (ch) (c)	Kt Kt B	39 R to Q 3 (ch)	K to B 5
16 Kt Kt B	P to Kt	40 R Kt Q P	R Kt P
17 K R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq	41 R to Q 4 (ch)	K Kt B
18 R Kt R (ch)	Kt Kt R	42 K Kt H	P to K B 4
19 B to Q 5	R to Q Kt sq	43 P to K 4	K to K 6
20 B to K H 3	P to K Kt 3	44 P to Q 5	K to B 7
21 P to Q B 3	K to K 2	45 P to R 6	K Kt P
22 R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq	46 P to R 7	P to R 6
23 K to B 2	Kt to Q B 2	47 P Queens (ch)	K to Kt 5
24 K to Q Kt 3	Kt to K 3	48 Q to K B 3 and Black resigns.	

(a) A bad move, subjecting Black to immediate attack.  
(b) The correct reply would have been Q to K 2; but that even would have given him a cramped game.

(c) Kt Kt Kt would also have been of advantage to White, e. g.:  
15 Kt Kt Kt Kt Kt Kt (best) 17 B Kt Kt P takes B  
16 R to K sq (ch) K to B sq 18 P to K Kt 3 and Black's Pawns are weak.

(d) Finely played. This game is very instructive, and is finished off by Mr. Morphy with great ability.



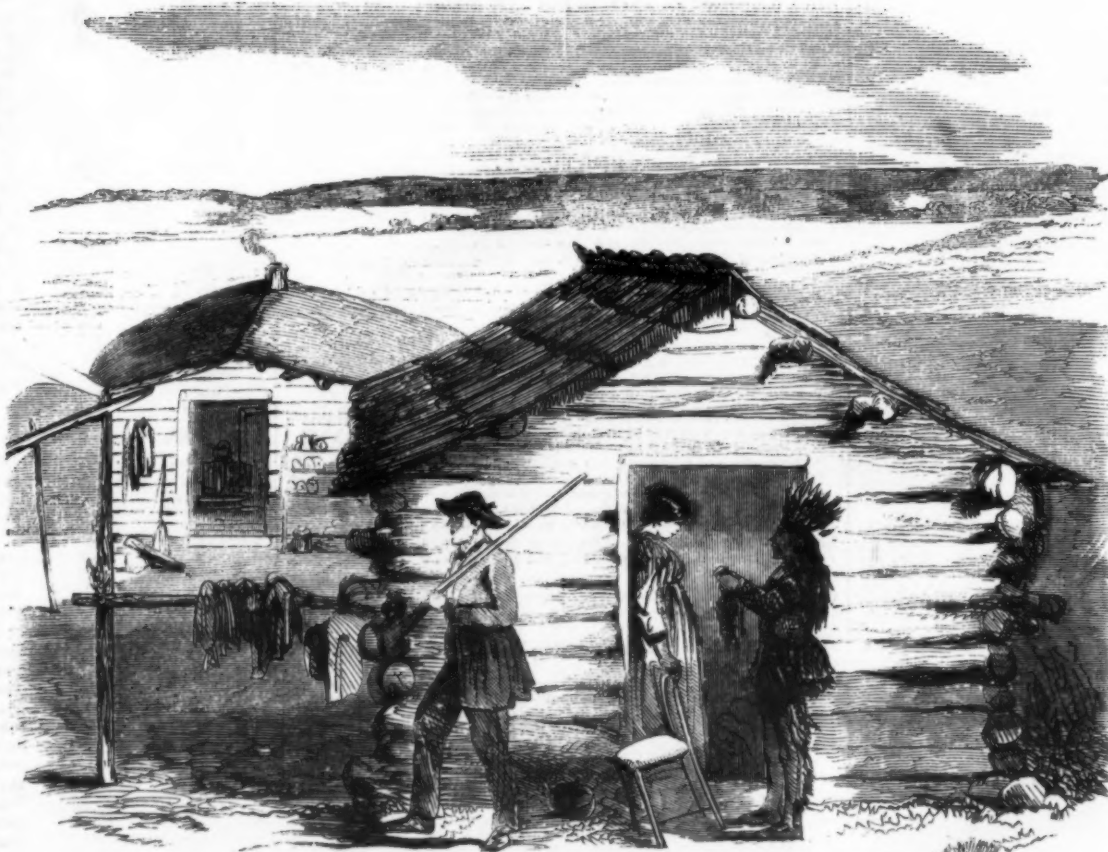


THE SALTMARKEET, GLASGOW.

**VIEWS IN GLASGOW.**

Few cities in Britain are endowed with a greater degree of interest than the ancient burgh of the Clyde. Whether viewed historically, commercially or politically, Glasgow is worthy of fettering the attention; while a glance at any of its varied features will prove amply remunerative. The very name of the city—C'laish-dhu, Glasgu, Glasgu, Glasgow—carries us back to the misty ages when Caledonia was inhabited only by the uncivilized Gael, who built his hut on the bank of the Clyde, in the shelter of the *dark ravine*. Here, about the year 560, the first settlement was made, and in the depth of the dark ages Glasgu was already a considerable city. Six hundred years ago, the annual fair, which still exists, was established; and in the thirteenth century the city possessed a regular magistracy and courts of justice. The famous Cathedral was founded in 1123, during the reign of David I., by John Achaian, Bishop of Glasgow, who dedicated the holy edifice to St. Mungo or Kentigern. The Cathedral is one of the most beautiful specimens of the early pointed style remaining in Great Britain. Its spire reaches a height of two hundred and twenty-five feet.

Glasgow has increased in size and population at a wonderful rate of late years. Its population in 1785 was 45,889; in 1801, 83,769; in 1831, 202,426; and in 1851, 347,000. It is one



BT: JAMES'S HOTEL, ST. JAMES, CEDAR COUNTY, NEBRASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 355.

of the finest cities, architecturally, in Great Britain, and despite the innumerable factories which crowd its suburbs. The interior of the town is regular, cheerful and clean. Its greatest length is three miles from east to west, and its greatest breadth two miles from north to south; its circumference is about eight miles. Although actually intersected by the Clyde, the principal portion of Glasgow is all on the right bank of the river. The streets, as a general rule, are exceedingly spacious and regular, crossing each other at right angles, and are kept in excellent order. The principal of these streets is the Trongate, a portion of which is represented in our engraving.

The Tringate, with its continuations, the Gallowgate and Argyle street, runs east and west a distance of nearly two miles, with an average breadth of eighty-three feet. It is considered, and with justice, one of the handsomest streets in Europe, and possesses a deep interest from the connection which it has with some of Scott's most celebrated novels. The houses that line it are high and substantially built, and many of them boast of considerable antiquity. On the north side, near the Cross, where High street intersects it, are situated the old Exchange and Town Hall, and near them rises the quaint old steeple of the Tolbooth, with its beautiful chime; while at the Cross stands a fine equestrian statue of King William III.





THE TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

At the eastern extremity of the Trongate, the street immediately opposite the foot of High street is called the Salt Market, and leads to the Green on the north side of the river, and to Hutcheson's Bridge, which crosses the Clyde to the suburb of Hutchesontown. The Salt Market was formerly the aristocratic quarter of the town, but is now chiefly occupied by shops and warehouses of a low order, while the better classes have removed their habitations to the squares and crescents that are growing up on the north and north-west of the city.

The Green, with which the Salt Market communicates, is a large and beautiful park, comprising one hundred and forty acres of land, laid out with care as a lawn, intersected with avenues of noble trees. This park is situated in the south-eastern part of the city, on the right bank of the river, and access is free to every corner. The Green is constantly crowded with promenaders, and presents, on fine summer evenings, an appearance as animated as that of the most celebrated London parks. Beside this place of public resort, there is another which is deservedly a great favorite—the Botanic Garden. This pleasure ground, extending over an area of some twenty-one acres, lies about two miles north-west from the Cross, and is most tastefully laid out. It contains an extensive collection of native and exotic plants.

Glasgow is celebrated scarcely more for the wealth and industry than for the hospitality and public spirit of her inhabitants, whose good qualities render her, perhaps, the most thriving city of her size in the British empire. Her population increases with every year.

#### JOHN C. HAINES, ESQ., MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Mr. JOHN C. HAINES, who at the present moment occupies the highest office in the municipal government of Chicago, was born in 1818 in Marcy, Oneida county, N. Y. His mother, left a widow with scanty means of support, was compelled to place him at an early age in the service of a farmer of the neighborhood, in whose employ he continued for several years. At the age of sixteen he determined to try his fortune in the West—that land of golden promise which in those years lay so indistinctly beyond the horizon of usual thought—and in company with his younger brother, thirteen years of age, he made his way to Detroit. Thence the two brothers proceeded to Chicago—it was in 1835, and

the great city was then a mere unimportant frontier village—where he succeeded in finding a mercantile employment. His activity and intelligence were not without their reward, and in five years from the time of his arrival he had become a partner in a respected mercantile house.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Haines associated himself with J. Gage, Esq., in the ownership of the Chicago Flouring Mills, which are still in his possession. In 1847 the electors of Chicago testified

their confidence in Mr. Haines by electing him to a seat in the Common Council, to which he was repeatedly reelected. At the last city elections Mr. Haines was the successful candidate for Mayor. The public spirit and benevolence which have long characterized Mr. Haines will undoubtedly be exerted on behalf of his chosen home, and the activity and energy which are his predominating characteristics must redound to the benefit of every citizen of Chicago.



JOHN C. HAINES, MAYOR OF CHICAGO. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HESLER, OF CHICAGO.

#### PERRY WINKLE'S ADVENTURES ON THE PRAIRIE.

##### CHAPTER IV.

Perry determined to spend the time intervening, before the departure of the company, in visiting some points of note in the vicinity, and accordingly set out for Floyd's Bluff. Near half a century ago, when Lewis and Clarke were making a tour of exploration and discovery up the Missouri river, a fine, intelligent young man, a member of the company, died near this place, and was buried in sorrow by his comrades on a high bluff on the opposite side of the river, just above Omadi, and the place from that time has borne the name of Sergeant Floyd's Bluff.

Perry crossed the river some half dozen miles above Omadi at Dakota, at which place the Northern Nebraska Land Office is located, to Sergeant's Bluff, a thriving little town of near a thousand inhabitants. Here he met with Dr. —, an intelligent and communicative fellow, who gave him much information in regard to the history and geography of the country. The doctor had settled there nearly seven years ago, when the country was new, and but little known of its resources or advantages; when savage tribes of Indians were his nearest neighbors, and wolves his most constant visitors; elk and deer were like cattle upon the prairies, and in those times the frontiersman lived a wild and watchful life. A little further on, across a fertile valley, dotted with broad farms, and herds of stock grazing upon the open meadows, was Floyd's Bluff. The high point was ascended, but the spot having been encroached upon by the river, the remains of the noble Floyd had been removed by men who revered his memory—a portion of the open grave was only to be seen. Winkle was disappointed, so he passed on to Sioux City, a beautiful place, said to contain a population of about three thousand, and is situated at the confluence of the Big Sioux river and the Missouri. From a jutting bluff adjoining the town the lands of Nebraska, Dakota



and Minnesota Territories are all seen, forming a picture as beautiful as it is varied and interesting. The town was laid out in 1854, and has grown rapidly in wealth and importance. It is now the Missouri River terminus of the contemplated railroad from Dubuque through the State. The Sioux river is navigable for a considerable distance, and the valley throughout which it flows is fertile and well adapted to agriculture. Some fine buildings have been erected in Sioux City, and improvement is still going on rapidly. Two tri-weekly mails, one from the East and another from Council Bluffs, are now in operation to facilitate communication with the outer world. Sioux City has in store a great future, and is destined to become one of the most wealthy and populous cities in the West. The river here is narrow, swift and deep, but must be crossed to give our ramblers an opportunity of visiting the localities opposite, in Nebraska.

The murky stream was passed in safety, and Perry hurried on through a dense body of timber to Pacific City, a newly laid-out town, in a deep bend of the river. The site is a very singular one, having the Missouri river on three sides of it. Here the night was spent, and Sleepy Bet was allowed to roam free to crop the luxuriant grass.

Breakfast over, Perry was again in the saddle and on his way to Logan, several miles further up the river, where he arrived in time to witness the erection of a building, and participate in the general treat, which was enjoyed with great gusto and exuberance of spirit by the crowd of stalwart pioneers, who are ever ready to turn out to a "raising." Many elegant and extensive farms are cultivated in the region between Logan and Dakota. After dinner mine host brought forth Sleepy Bet, who seemed eager for something, and the pair started down the river, over a rich prairie, and passing the beautiful little town of Dakota, arrived at Omadi in a few hours.

On the following morning a party of seven, including Perry and Whistling Ben, armed and equipped according to the most approved style—guns, knives, ammunition and provisions—for a ten days' encampment, mounted upon mules and ponies, struck out across the prairie towards the north-west. Throughout the whole day's ride all was novelty and excitement, and many a good joke was cracked at the expense of a couple of Kentuckians who formed part of the company. The party encamped at night upon the bank of a small creek, where they found plenty of fuel, grass for their animals, and a large spring of brackish water, having made, as near as could be estimated, forty miles travel. The mules and ponies were each "tied out," with a long lariat, to stakes driven into the ground at proper distances from each other, some ham broiled, and a cup of coffee prepared, which, with a good supply of crackers, were highly relished.

The party sat around the camp fires to a late hour, amusing each other with their adventures on similar occasions, and finally wrapped themselves up in their blankets and slept. Their dreamy slumbers were, however, of short duration, for some unaccountable noise soon made each one leap to his feet in alarm. Indians! was the general exclamation. The horses and mules snorted, reared and circled around the space allowed by their lariats; every man grasped his rifle and put himself in readiness for defence. The horses were looked for and found to be all right. No trace of Indians could be discovered, yet none of the party again indulged in sleep.

The fright had doubtless been caused by wolves, who snuffed the delicate odor of the broiling meat, and approached near the sleepers to satisfy their hunger. Their howl in the distance was anything but musical to the hunters.

The day succeeding, many deer and antelopes were discovered upon the prairies, and Whistling Ben proposed to "bring down" an antelope for dinner, a feat he accomplished in a short time by cautiously creeping around the hill and crawling some distance upon the ground, to get within proper distance, undiscovered.

The encampment at night gave evident signs of having recently been visited by buffalo; there being no timber in sight, or wood to be obtained, the party gathered up a large pile of buffalo "chip," upon which their venison was broiled and supper cooked.

As the party was now far in the Indian country, it became necessary to bring the animals into the camp, and each take his turn in keeping guard over the slumbers of the others. The next morning it was determined to make the present camp their headquarters, and from this point seek the buffalo. After an hour's travel, the course of a stream, skirted with groves of timber, away to the northward was discovered, which was pronounced to be the Running Water, and it was evident that buffalo were to be found in abundance in the immediate vicinity. Preparations for the hunt were hastily made, and five of the party set out in different directions, while the remaining two were detained at camp to take care of the baggage and pack mules. Perry laid his course for the Running Water direct, but the distance being double what he anticipated, regretted his choice, but kept on and arrived on the margin of the stream at noon. Sleepy Bet was unsaddled, and left free to browse the grass, while Perry refreshed himself under the shade of a large tree. Whilst in a half doze upon the grass, a low rumbling sound like that of distant thunder crept upon his senses, increasing every moment until he became conscious of something uncommon. Bet pricked up her ears, looked about her and manifested a strong desire to change her locality. Hurriedly fixing up, Perry mounted, rode up the Bluffs, and gazed upon a scene not only wonderful and grand, but from its very magnificence it was terrible—for miles the prairies had become blackened with animal life—a vast herd of buffalo was passing toward the north-west at a rapid pace. The courage of the brave hunter oozed out at his fingers' ends, and he was more anxious now to avoid the game than he had been previously to find it.

What should he do? They were near upon him. Winkle retreated to the river, swam the stream, and safely upon the other side witnessed the passage of the herd from the point of a bluff. His returning courage suggested pursuit, which he forthwith put into practice, and in about half an hour was close upon them, discharging his arms, reloading, and galloping up to the herd and firing again, without farther effect than to accelerate the speed of the pursued. For an hour this kind of sport was kept up with unabated ardor, and in the wild excitement of the chase the pursuer never once reflected that he was going far away from camp, nor noted his devious course. When almost exhausted he began to reflect upon his course, and gave up the chase, and struck out across the untrodden prairie in a direction which he vainly imagined would carry him back to camp. He hastened on as rapidly as possible; the western sky, already blushing with the crimson light of a warm sunset, warned him of the approach of nightfall. On—he pressed over hillock and level, and cleared several miles ere the darkness covered the landscape; but no sign of the place he had left in the morning was or had been visible, and at last, at a late hour, finding the mule fagged and himself wearied with excessive journeying, gave up for lost, dismounted and held the lariat for the tired animal to feed, as he seated himself upon the damp grass, without food, water or blanket.

How long he had been thus employed he knew not, for sleep had unconsciously stolen upon his senses. He was aroused by loud and prolonged yells, which caused him to start instantly to his feet. Soon he was confident that a band of Indians was near him, and felt that in his loneliness it would be a relief even to become a captive. He had little time for reflection, for the savages were passing near him, unconscious of his presence. He shouted. In a moment the yelling ceased. Again he hallooed. They halted, and a hurried conversation passed between them. One of the Indians came forward with the exclamation, "How!" oft repeated. Perry hastened toward the savage, and, with every word of the Indian dialect he could command, endeavored to communicate to the other that he was a friend. The Indian comprehended him, and shook hands in

token of peace, and to the great astonishment of each, Wild Bill and Perry Winkle were together.

Again, under such peculiar circumstances, the Indian informed his companions whom he had discovered, and excessive was the boisterous laughter and demonstrations of pleasure. The party, accompanied by Perry, started for the Indian lodges, where they all arrived in a short time. Their camp was composed of about a dozen lodges, made of tanned buffalo skins, drawn around long poles, with a hole in top to emit the smoke. The squaws, and naked half-grown boys and girls and papposes, gathered around, to satisfy their gaze upon the white stranger, after which they provided a supper of broiled buffalo meat and boiled corn. Perry ate heartily with a good relish, and slept in one of the lodges upon a buffalo skin, and his slumbers and dreams were sweet. His Indian friend aroused him in the morning to partake of his breakfast, as the hunters were going out for buffalo; and Wild Bill informed him that it was agreed that Perry should accompany them out on the hunt, after which he would conduct him to the camp of his comrades.

The Indians had been here several weeks, and had accumulated large quantities of buffalo meat, which the squaws were smoking and drying. At breakfast, Wild Bill seemed to be giving a detailed account of the wolf chase, and the tumbles and hairbreadth escapes of Perry, which caused much merriment.

Wild Bill and Winkle started by themselves, while the others took a different direction. After several hours' ride, a small drove of buffalo was discovered feeding in the distance. Perry was directed to stop with the animals, and remain quiet until he should receive the signal to advance. The Indian, stooping low, proceeded rapidly and stealthily toward the grazing herd, and when nearer, got upon his hands and knees, and was soon lost to sight. A moment afterward the sharp report of the Indian's rifle was heard and Perry received the signal to advance. A fine young "cow" was the result of the shot, the ball having killed her almost instantly. The others, frightened at the sudden appearance of the Indian, hastily fled. The best portion of the meat was cut from the animal and secured upon the pony and Sleepy Bet, and the two started for the white hunter's camp.

Perry gave the Indian all the information he could in regard to its location, and, to the great joy of Winkle, reached it before dark, where Whistling Ben and the rest of the party were in great alarm about the fate of their comrade, having sought for Perry all day, and fired minute guns, and kept a bright fire blazing all night. No game had been taken, and the party was absolutely in want of food. Great was the rejoicing that night, and Wild Bill was the hero of the company.

For the several days succeeding, the Indian taught the pale faces how to take the buffalo, and soon they proved the value of his instructions by their satisfactory success. Perry had regained his usual flow of spirits, and entered into the spirit of the chase with a hearty good-will, having slain more than one of those fierce, shaggy and terrible-looking animals. During the hunt the ponies and pack mules were loaded down with dried buffalo meat, and the party set out to return.

With Wild Bill for their guide, they struck over towards the Running Water river, and followed its course downward to the Missouri, a distance of over a hundred miles. The party halted the first night at the Indian camp, and Wild Bill informed his tribe that he would go down to the Big Waters with his pale-faced brothers. In the region of the Running Water there is much rich and fertile land, and in the immediate valley of that stream and its tributaries there are heavy bodies of majestic forest trees, amongst which was a considerable quantity of pine. Large quarries of stone, resembling marble, was passed, together with the outcroppings and other evidences of coal. Many fine varieties of berries were ripening in the valleys, plums in the thickets, and excellent fish found in the stream.

The party arrived at Niobrara, a thriving and busy town on the Missouri, at the mouth of the L'Eau qui Court or Running Water river, where they were welcomed by some old friends of the hunters.

The region in the vicinity of Niobrara is beautiful and picturesque, the soil exceedingly rich, and the broad valley was dotted with fields of corn tended by the Indian squaws of the Ponca tribe.

Wild Bill received some presents from the party and returned to his tribe, not, however, until Whistling Ben had gained from him a promise to come down to his farm-house and hunt wolves.

The hunters took the most direct route homeward, and reached Teptota at nightfall, where they were hospitably entertained by a trio of young men, who kept bachelor's hall in a rude cabin at the mouth of a clear stream on the bank of the Missouri.

The next morning, while two of the boys at the cabin were preparing breakfast, the other accompanied Perry to the site of the old Indian village, a little way up the river.

"You will doubtless wonder why I came to this place, Mr. Winkle," said the young frontiersman, "and left the pleasures of refined society in the Buckeye State and the luxuries of city life. I came West for the purpose of regaining my health, and was attracted to this place by its beauty and the charming variety of sublime scenery that surrounds it. For months before I came here I was scarcely able to speak from a severe asthmatic attack, which the pure, exhilarating atmosphere of this country, with moderate outdoor exercise has entirely cured. When I first came here a small party of Indians were encamped on the creek near our cabin, but they soon went away and we have been alone ever since. It is not at all surprising, Mr. Winkle, that the Indians were so obstinate and refused to leave those beautiful lands, and especially such a delightful spot as this. Upon the ground on which we are now standing, less than half a dozen years ago, was a large Indian village called Teptota, and was, as its name signifies, 'a place of many tents,' or, as the Indians call them, 'tepis.' They all removed across the river, and were soon scattered in small bands all over the country; but they often return and sit with sorrowful countenances for hours upon that little mound near the creek, apparently absorbed in the recollections of the past, and to visit their dead brothers you see lying on those scaffolds made of poles, near the grove on the hill. Many of those scaffolds have fallen down from decay, others have been destroyed by the whites who pass in hunting and exploring parties, and the bones of the Indians are left to bleach on the prairies. The two leisurely walked on, and soon reached the summit of a large mound which overlooked the country for many miles around, and presented a picture that not only captivates the eye, but gladdens the heart and fills the soul with delight.

"From here we have a fine view of Dakota Territory," continued the speaker. "The cabins and tipis you see just across the river are at old Smutty Bear's camp, and those large, round-looking buildings made of poles and dirt are the places used for storing away their corn and provisions. The Indians of old Smutty's tribe often come to see us, and are a quiet set of fellows if treated kindly and they have no whiskey."

They returned to the cabin, where breakfast was waiting. Whistling Ben had killed a fine wild turkey that morning, which was nicely barbecued, and the party sat down to an excellent breakfast.

"This is capital! by Jove!" exclaimed Perry, as he disjoined a wing of the turkey with his hunting knife. "I wouldn't exchange this meal for the best dinner ever gotten up at the St. Nicholas, or bill of fare presented at Taylor's."

"They don't eat oven tin pans with their fingers, an' cut their meat with their toothpicks at them hifalutin places, like we're a doin', do they, Mr. Winkle?" inquired one of the party. "No," replied Perry, "nor enjoy what they do eat with half the relish we do ours this moment."

"I told you there was nuthin' like these little finishing accomplishments on the frontier to bring a man out, if there's anything in him," chimed in Whistling Ben.

Breakfast over the party was soon on the road, and twenty-five miles farther brought them to St. James, the county seat of Cedar

county, where they halted for dinner at a comfortable log cabin kept by an old pioneer as a place for the accommodation of travellers. They were now in the heart of a rich agricultural country, over which broad farms and fields of golden grain were seen in every direction, and buildings going up on every hand with the energy peculiar to the Western country. St. James is built upon a beautiful eminence on the Missouri, at the mouth of the Great Bow river, a stream of clear water formed of three smaller rivers, known by travellers as the Three Bows.

The hunters continued their homeward course; crossed the Missouri to Iowa, at Sioux City, and in three days afterwards arrived at the farm-house, where they were greeted with true Western hospitality, and again surrounded by kind expectant friends.

The party here separated, and so will Perry Winkle take leave of his friends who have accompanied him through the foregoing rambles and incidents of Life on the Prairies.

THE END.

## SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful?

By the wayside let them fall,  
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,  
And the vine on the garden wall;  
Cover the rough and the rude of earth  
With a veil of leaves and flowers,  
And mark with the opening bud and cup  
The march of the summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the holy shrine of home;  
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there  
In their loveliest lustre come;  
Leave not a trace of defilement  
In the temple of the heart,  
But gather about its hearth the germs  
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the temples of our God—  
The God who starr'd the uplifted sky,  
And flower'd the trampled sod;  
When He built a temple for Himself,  
And a home for His priestly race,  
He rear'd each arch in symmetry,  
And curv'd each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the depths of the human soul;  
They shall bud and blossom, and bear thee fruit,  
While the endless ages roll;  
Plant with the flowers of charity  
The portals of the tomb,  
And the fair and the pure about thy path  
In Paradise shall bloom!

## CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

### THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XVII.—OF THE CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN JACQUES AND ST. MARCEL, AND WHAT ENSUED.

EXTENDED at full length upon the bench before the fire, St. Marcel, from being perfectly aware of everything that was going forward in the hall amongst his Luteian brethren, unconsciously reverted to the tragic occurrence which had been the means of bringing him into their company; but whilst he traced the features of the would-be suicide, fancy associated them with scenes of earlier days. One after the other these flitted before his eyes broken and confused; here light, here darkness; faint pictures they were, truly, of what had been—pictures real and tangible, though indistinct, of which he had for years lost sight.

At last St. Marcel sank into a deep sleep, from which he suddenly awoke, shivering and stiff with cold. He beheld Jacques standing over him.

The spy held high over his head the flaming stump of a torch, and appeared intent upon examining the face of the sleeper, his dark eyes gleaming with an expression of extraordinary interest in the scrutiny. As St. Marcel leaped to his feet, instinctively catching up his sword, which lay on the ground by the side of the bench, Jacques smiled at the suspicion which had prompted the movement, and making a sign of silence, said, in a low tone of voice, "I have changed my mind."

"Indeed!" retorted St. Marcel, placing his hand upon the hilt of his sword, as if doubtful of the spy's intentions.

"Yes," resumed Jacques; "I told thee that I wished to speak with thee to-morrow: I have changed my mind."

"And was it to tell me so whilst I slept that thou camest?" demanded our hero, thrusting his half-drawn sword into its sheath.

"I came to wake thee," replied the spy. "What I have to tell thee I will tell thee to-night: to-morrow may not come for some of us."

St. Marcel felt uneasy at this last remark, but made up his mind that to-morrow should not come for the speaker if he perceived any symptoms of foul play against himself. As he again addressed his midnight visitor, he clutched his sword more firmly, pressing the ground with his feet, as though he would fix them there if he could.

"What dost thou mean?" said he. "Art thou mocking me, or have I been brought here to die by ruffian hands?"

"Bah!" responded the spy, with a derisive and impatient jerk of the head. "Art thou awake or dreaming, or pot-valiant only? Dost thou think I saved thee from the Bastille to murder thee here? Bah! I told thee I had something important to communicate to-morrow, but—"

"To-morrow may not come for some of us," remarked St. Marcel, meaningly.

"Wilt thou answer for its coming?" asked Jacques. "May we not all die ere another hour has waned? Come, I am thy friend."

As Jacques uttered the last sentence two large tears rolled down his cheeks. St. Marcel watched them fall, but was at a loss to account for the emotion that had excited them. He could perceive nothing in the spy's discourse of a nature to cause him to shed a tear, and therefore attributed his perturbation to the reminiscence of some by-gone event that had suddenly intruded itself upon his mind, although he did think it singular it should recur under such peculiar circumstances. This silent testimony, however, of what was passing within his breast partially disarmed his suspicion. In spite of himself, he felt that he must trust him.

"Is thy communication," said he, addressing the spy, "of such a nature that thou canst not impart it to me here? We are alone!"

Evidently offended at St. Marcel's want of confidence in him, a dark shade overspread Jacques' countenance; the expression was one of wounded pride and sorrow, which, however, he soon subdued; he made no reply, but looking quickly at our hero, raised the blazing stump of the torch so as to cast its light into the niches around the inner hall; it flickered upon groups of figures lying in different postures, apparently sleeping. St. Marcel indicated by a sign that he was ready to follow him.

Jacques led the way across the inner hall already mentioned, treading cautiously, as though anxious lest he should awake his companions, one or two of whom, as they passed, half raised themselves on their elbows, greeting them with a sleepy nod of recognition. Opening a small door on the opposite side, the pair continued their way through a narrow, tortuous passage, arrived at the end of which, Jacques pushed open a second door, and St. Marcel found himself in a kind of cell, about sixteen feet square, the lofty roof arched, and of the same style of architecture as the halls they had just quitted.

In one of the small niches of the cell, only recently appropriated to its present use, the remains of a wood fire still crackled cheer-



fully; against the wall, over the chimney, or projection of modern masonry that served as such, hung a gigantic oil-lamp, shedding only a red smoky light into the apartment, and glimmering fitfully upon sundry arms, some rusty, some bright and glimmering, arranged promiscuously, though not without an eye to effect; in another recess stood an iron bedstead, the bed undisturbed and clean; a common oak table, on which lay a few books; here and there an unwieldy chest, surmounted by three or four smaller ones; two wooden stools, and a large pile of logs in one corner—these completed the interior embellishments of the spy's apartment.

"Now we are alone," said he, closing the door after them as they entered; "take a seat," he continued, throwing the remainder of the torch into the embers, together with a log or two of wood; "draw up to the fire, thou art cold."

"St. Marcel hesitatingly complied, his companion seating himself on the opposite side of the low hearth, gazing in silence but earnestly at him.

"I brought thee hither," resumed his host, "lest thy affairs should become as well-known to thy Lutetian brethren as they are to me; I have reasons why they should not."

Our hero could not help thinking that his mysterious friend was very considerate, especially as he had no business, unless he dealt with supernaturals, to know anything at all about his private affairs; nor could he comprehend the motive for so much solicitude on this score; when he mentioned the word "affairs," too, he felt uneasy. Tailors' bills, debts of honor, long sums in compound addition for indefinite benefits received in the shape of board, lodging and doing for, expired bonds unredeemed, small acknowledgments for property mortgaged on large interest, inclusive of unpaid epaulets and etceteras, rose in array against him, compressed into and comprised in that small word "affairs;" oh! what would he not have given to see "settled" miraculously appended thereto!

"In the present state of 'his affairs,' then, the robbery of the duke and sundry other peccadilloes considered, he did not feel over-anxious to render himself a subject of conversation amongst his brethren; for although it might be Lutetian moral philosophy to owe as much as possible to everybody, and pay as little, and to laugh at creditors to boot, still this was a point of heroism at which he had not yet arrived, nor could yet desire to attain, having a position to lose, which, according to his own system of reasoning, based upon outward evidences, he fancied that his Lutetian companions had not.

These thoughts passed through his mind too swiftly for any visible expression as to their precise nature to arise, although he could not repress the slight movement of astonishment which escaped him when Jacques betrayed so intimate a knowledge with his domestic concerns.

"Friend St. Marcel," resumed the spy, "thou owest three thousand crowns to the community of the Lutetians!"

"Was it to tell me that thou didst bring me hither?" demanded St. Marcel; "if so—"

"And," continued Jacques, interrupting him, without taking notice of his remark, "twenty thousand more to a certain notary and usurer of this city, by name—"

"Etienne Quinault," interrupted St. Marcel, in turn. "What of that? has he commissioned thee to recover the debt? The villainous old miser!"

"Just or unjust," remarked Jacques, "shouldst thou be prepared to liquidate his claim, were he to enforce it within twenty-four hours hence?"

"No!" replied our hero. "Why dost thou ask that strange question?"

"Because," retorted the spy, it is necessary to thy safety that I should know."

"My safety! Thou art deeply interested in it, then," observed his companion.

"I am," responded Jacques, "much more than I can express, or thou canst conceive."

"Indeed!" ejaculated he, in reply to Jacques' observation. Continuing, in a tone that betrayed much anxiety—"May I learn the reason of thy solicitude in my behalf?"

"I have an end to gain," responded the other.

"What dost thou seek?" asked St. Marcel, impatiently.

"Money!" exclaimed Jacques.

"Money!" reiterated his companion; "why, thou knowest that I do not possess even the skeleton of a crown piece."

"And didst thou not, too, consent and give thy bond to the 'Sieur Quinault, for the sum of twenty thousand crowns?" asked Jacques.

"True—I did!" replied our hero; "the bond expired three days ago, and is still unpaid: what then? can I not renew it, that as well as others before it?"

"Thou must first evade the officers of the supreme court," answered his host; "the 'Sieur Quinault has obtained summary judgment against thee, and even now thou art in the power of the law."

"Thou seem'st well informed, forsooth; and yet, knowing all this, thou askest me for money. I had better have chosen the Bastille than Lutetia; I should at least have saved three thousand crowns!"

"Yet," remonstrated the spy, "to a Lutetian, the 'Sieur Quinault's clerk, thou art indebted for this timely warning; whilst to others of our unknown community was intrusted the execution of the judge's mandate against thee; so fear not; thou art safe from pursuit, and shalt be revenged upon Etienne Quinault."

As Jacques made an end, St. Marcel abruptly rose, his face flushed, his brow contracted, his eyes gleaming with indignation. When introduced to the community of self-styled Lutetians, he had not, in spite of all his efforts, succeeded in divining the mysterious interest which united them, nor their peculiar avocation; Jacques' words, however, suddenly opened his eyes; rapid as the electric spark, the truth darted across his mind; and simultaneous with his perception thereof, came the deep blush of shame that overspread his countenance; nor could he, but by an extreme effort, control his anger, when he once more addressed his companion:

"Sieur Jacques," said he, looking proudly at that individual, "when thou gavest me to choose between the Bastille and Lutetia, thou didst guarantee that I should not be pledged to dishonor if I chose Lutetia; I revoke my choice; for the office of a spy ill befits an officer of his most Christian Majesty; here he made the military salute, in token of respect, and stood awaiting Jacques' reply.

"Thou canst not revoke; but know that when Jacques of Beauvais pledges his word, 'tis never pledged to falsehood!"

"Yet," asked St. Marcel, "what is it but dishonor to be leagued with a community of spies—mouchards?"

"Call the Lutetians mouchards if such is thy fancy," replied Jacques, hastily; "we will not quarrel about terms; but thou must confess"—here a sarcastic smile played about his mouth—"that a *culpré* and a mouchard are very fitting companions."

The sarcasm was too biting, too bitter, too well founded in truth to fall powerless—St. Marcel sank into his seat annihilated with shame.

"Come, friend St. Marcel, let us understand each other. Thou hast chosen Lutetia instead of the Bastille; dost thou feel desirous of revenging thyself upon Etienne Quinault? 'Tis easily done."

"If that could be done," replied the other, with unrestrained glee, "it would be rare vengeance; but how, without compromising myself more?"

"Leave that to me," resumed Jacques; "meanwhile, how dost thou propose to pay the three thousand crowns for which I am thy respondent?"

"I will leave that also to thee," retorted St. Marcel, laughing heartily over his own jest at the expense of the spy; "perhaps Etienne Quinault will lend thee that!"

"Ay," responded Jacques, nodding his head significantly, "and more to boot."

"More!" ejaculated our hero.

"More!" re-echoed his host; "if thy pockets are empty, the coffers of Etienne Quinault are full; thou must lend me thy assistance to diminish their contents."

"If I must," observed St. Marcel, "thou must first point out the way."

"Thou art the most fitting agent," responded the spy, "and therefore I have chosen thee; why thou art such is known to myself, and must yet remain a secret to thee. But tell me, at what price dost thou estimate the services which I have this night rendered thee?"

"'Tis my custom," answered our hero, haughtily, "to repay services in kind; but upon thine thou didst thyself set a price—three thousand pounds to the community, and myself to become a Lutetian. Hast thou already repented of thy bargain? If so, and seekest higher pay for what thou hast done, value thy services thyself."

"I must have one hundred thousand crowns," replied Jacques; "nay! start not, for the money must be forthcoming ere to-morrow night."

"One hundred thousand crowns," exclaimed St. Marcel to himself in a half whisper; "how," continued he, addressing the spy, "is that sum to be procured unless by—"

"I know thy thoughts," interrupted Jacques; "but fear not, we are neither cut-throats nor cut-purses. That thou has not the money is clear, but Etienne Quinault has; and since thou canst not give it, he must."

"Go to him, then," retorted our hero, impatiently.

"I will," observed the spy, "but not unprepared. I seek not to rob him, only to borrow of him." "Here," continued he, "here is parchment—there pens and ink. Give him bond for one hundred thousand crowns;" and he laid before St. Marcel a piece of parchment, already engrossed with spaces in blank, to be filled up according to the usual form.

He attempted to read the document before him, but could behold inscribed thereon nothing save "Bastille." He trembled at the thought of the responsibility he was about to incur, but his thoughts ultimately resolved themselves into the one tremendous climax, the "Bastille." Seizing the pen he commenced filling up the bond.

"One hundred thousand crowns," ejaculated he, half aloud; "for one twelvemonth! How can I hope to raise, between to-day and a year hence, a sum sufficient to meet it? Where shall I seek it?"

"At the gambling-table," replied Jacques; "thou mayest, perhaps, find one of the many patrimonies that have been lost there; who knows? Besides, canst thou not hope to win a hundred thousand crowns with as much certainty as twenty thousand?"

"I can," replied St. Marcel, and replenishing his pen was about to append his name to the parchment, when Jacques laid a hand upon his arm and arrested its further progress, saying,

"Not St. Marcel—not thine own name, some other; St. Angin to wit; don't hesitate; it shall never rise in judgment against thee."

More astounded at this proposition than at any that had preceded it, St. Marcel remained irresolute; but matters had attained a crisis; when to recede appeared to him more dangerous than to progress; besides, under existing circumstances, far from having anything to lose, he had everything to gain, and however much his nature repudiated the act of appending an assumed name to the bond, he shrunk more from the thought of incarceration in the Bastille, which rose before him in all its horrors; he incurred no actual responsibility, argued he, by complying with the spy's request; no one that he knew bore the name of St. Angin, which was for the purpose required as good a name as St. Marcel—nay, better, because Jacques liked it better—anything, in fact, was preferable to the Bastille; he had taken the first step from the strict path of honor—he had robbed—and to cover his crime durst not shrink from the deeper evils it entailed. A moment more of irresolution, and without making any remark in reply to Jacques' observation, he added, in a bold, firm hand, the name of St. Angin to the document, handing it over to his companion with the air of a man who knows he has taken a hazardous step, but, at the same time, made up his mind to meet the consequences.

"There!" he exclaimed; "we now understand each other; art thou satisfied?"

Jacques took the parchment and perused it with care; the inspection appeared satisfactory, for he folded it up, placed it within his vest, and nodding his head approvingly, answered,

"I am! so shalt thou be to-morrow."

"Am I now free to depart hence, 'Sieur Jacques?" asked St. Marcel.

"Thou art," was the brief reply; "or to remain, if it suits thee better."

"What is the time of day?" again asked our hero.

"It wants two hours of daybreak."

"Then I will go, 'Sieur Jacques. But how shall I obtain admission here to-night?"

"The password," answered the spy, "will be *Julian*; come not to the door by which thou didst first enter; go to the cabaret in the Rue des Mathurins, kept by Maitre Chopin; he is one of us."

"He keeps the *Cep-de-Vigne*?" observed St. Marcel, inquiringly.

"The same," responded Jacques; "he will conduct thee hither."

"Good!" exclaimed our hero; "and now 'Sieur Jacques adieu!"

"The same to thee, friend St. Marcel; remember! at twelve to-night. Let me lead the way."

"I know what thou wouldst say," remarked the spy, apparently enjoying St. Marcel's astonishment; "and did Monsieur d'Argenson know as much as thou, he would, like thyself, seek to learn more. Go thy ways, friend, and meet me to-night as we have agreed; adieu!"

Waving his hand, Jacques was about to depart, when his companion suddenly grasped him by the arm. Until then the latter had forgotten the melancholy event which had led to his induction into the community of the Lutetians, for the later occurrences had succeeded one another so rapidly—were of so extraordinary a character—and had left so vivid an impression that, coupled with the mode of his dismissal from the subterranean palace of the Roman emperors, his senses had up to that moment been bewildered; his vicinity, however, to the scene of his late exploit all at once brought back the remembrance of the unfortunate whom he saved, nor was it without a slight twinge of conscience that he addressed himself to the spy in order to gain some information respecting her present condition.

"Stay a moment," said he; "canst thou give any tidings of that young girl?"

He was interrupted by Jacques, who replied,

"She lives! thanks to thy courage! Know that thou hast saved two lives instead of one;" and gently disengaging himself from the hand that withheld him, he stalked away, leaving St. Marcel half puzzled to comprehend his meaning.

(To be continued.)

**Chinese Ladies.**—From Peking there have been unfavorable reports touching the health and habits of the young Emperor of China. It has been said that the ladies of the Emperor's harem are learning to ride on horseback, so that, in an emergency, they may be ready to escape to a more northern latitude, perhaps to the ancient capital of the Manchu race. Hei-fung was born in August, 1831, and ascended the throne 1850, then in the nineteenth year of his age.

**The Road to India.**—The *Levant*, a Brussels journal, which devotes its columns more particularly to Oriental questions, announces, upon the authority of an Alexandria correspondent, that not only will the English not evacuate Ferim, but that they are about to form an important naval depot in the Isle of Camoran, in the Red Sea; adding that Camoran, which lies between Locheia and Hodeida, has a magnificent harbor, a rich soil, and excellent watering, besides being the centre of the best pearl fisheries in the Red Sea.

**Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.**—On the 23d September, received a deputation of the British residents at Constantinople. In thanking them for the compliment paid him, he said that his stay at Constantinople would be but of short duration, and then went on to speak in praise of his successor.

## PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

**Bridal Dresses.**—For the benefit of our youthful readers we subjoin a description of one or two bridal dresses recently worn by ladies of our fair friends. The bride was attired in a beautiful white *glace* silk dress, having two deep flounces of rich Brussels lace, the corsage trimmed with the same costly material; an immense square veil of fine Brussels lace, which reached the ground, bouquets of orange blossoms at each side of the back of the head, a *bandeau* of emeralds and diamonds, together with a necklace of fine pearls pendant, with white *glace* silk, having tunic trimmed with blonde, and ruffles of cut silk, very long tulle veils, and wreaths and bouquets of mountain ash berries. Another bride was elegantly attired in a dress of white moire with double skirts and two flounces of Brussels lace, Brussels lace trimming, and veil to match; her head-dress consisted of a wreath of orange blossoms, and her jewelry, diamonds, and carbuncles, presents of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids wore white muslin dresses, double skirts, trimmed with pink and white moire ribbon, and tulle bonnets with pink flowers.

**A Strange but Painful Contrast.**—The selfishness here developed is, we fear, but too frequent. How commonly do wives, to gratify their own selfish wishes, sacrifice, if not the physical health of their husbands, certainly their comforts and interests; far, however distasteful to him, she must spend so many months in every year with her parents, whose residence, most probably in a distant State, precludes the possibility of his accompanying her—absence from business being an impracticable affair. We have known many instances where the unhappiness of after years has been clearly traced to this, which, at the first glance, may appear an exaction. A moment's reflection will show how naturally it follows that a husband, on his return home fatigued and weary, and unable to endure the loneliness of his home, seeks companionship and amusement abroad, to which he becomes accustomed, and soon finds the excitement more in accordance with his feelings, which are in an irritable and unhealthy state; this naturally produces a depraved condition of mind, which regards his former innocent pleasures as insipid.

Two weeks since we were riding in the cars, when a gentleman came and spoke to a lady directly front of us, who was seated beside a sickly man, whom we thought was her husband. The conversation turned upon the health of her companion, who was evidently a consumptive.

"Last winter," said she, "I went to Kansas with him. The winter before we spent in Florida; and now we are thinking of moving to Wisconsin or Minnesota, for the benefit of his health."

The gentleman expressed some thoughts relative to her hardships in thus going away from her home and friends, and travelling so much abroad.

"Oh!" she replied, "I do not mind that at all—if he can only regain his health. I like New England better than any other part of the country, for it is home; but I am willing to live anywhere for his sake."

Her husband made no reply as he heard these words, but volumes were in his eyes. The incident, however, did not particularly impress us until we stopped at a station about half an hour afterwards. Then a friend entered the car and took a seat by our side. He was troubled with a bronchial and lung difficulty of some years' standing. In course of conversation we recommended a residence in a certain Western State, to which he replied, in substance:

"I should have been there three months ago, if my wife had been willing to go with all her friends as here in Massachusetts, and no consideration could induce her to leave for a residence so far away."

We looked at once at the strange woman, whose conversation we cited. "No wife!" we said—"one of a thousand, doubtless, in this spirit of self-denial for her husband's sake!" There is certainly a great difference between those two wives.

**The Little Cup of Tears.**—The following German legend we think so beautiful and pathetic that we are tempted to present it to our readers:

"There was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved her only child with all the affection of her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, who lay on his sick-bed, even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unappeasable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept for three long nights, without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: 'O dearest mother! weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave, no joy in Heaven. Therefore, O dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions.' It then vanished."

The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's rest in the grave and its joy in Heaven. For the sake of her infant's happiness she controlled the anguish of her heart. So strong and self-sacrificing is a mother's love."

**The Last Romance.**—The Parisian papers, generally replete with incidents of a romantic character, furnish the following:

"The arrival of Mademoiselle D—, a new aspirant for musical honors and for the crown of laurel to be won just now at the Grand Opera, has caused some little sensation in musical circles. The lady who already *debuté* here with immense success some few years ago, and left the stage to contract a marriage with one of the great hofpods of Wallachia, has returned suddenly to the stage she had quitted with such brilliant prospects, and dropping at once the great name for which she had abandoned her own, returns to us under the name—name, honors, title, rank, everything. The story of the sudden change is still a mystery, but that told by gossip is clear enough. There is some little thread of truth, we believe, running through the narrative, which is passed, most likely, through the embroidery which adorns it. They say that Mademoiselle D—, whose splendid contralto voice has never been replaced on our stage, had suffered herself to be coaxed into marriage with the young hofpodar—, whose equisages and dazzling liveries used to make our eyes water as they flashed and dashed up the Champs Elysees some five years ago. At the time of the marriage the lady had declared that she felt no attachment to the Prince's person, but the prospect of great wealth and unbounded power in the Prince's own country induced her to give up the career which was developing itself before her eyes with such hopes of entire success. The hofpodar and his bride left Paris and were married at Dresden, the natal place of the bride's mother. From thence they departed, ostensibly for Wallachia, but never reached further on the road than Vienna, owing, so wrote the bride, to the uncertain state of the bridegroom's health, which would render the climate of his own country extremely dangerous."

"Time passed on, and old Paris friends heard nothing more of Mlle. D—, until the other day she appears amongst us—still young, still pretty, and with her musical powers unimpaired, but with the life and gaiety for which she was once so remarkable all departed, and seized with a nervous twitching of the muscles which will render the care of a doctor indispensable before she can return to her profession. The story tells that one evening last spring, at Pisa, where the couple had gone for the prince's health, the husband, who had been laboring for some days under a fit of the profoundest melancholy, owned to his wife that he was no prince and no hofpodar—that the fortune they had been spending since their marriage, and which had seemed to him at one time to be boundless, was already exhausted, and that it had been obtained by fraud! Love for her alone had induced him to commit an act for which he was liable to death in his own country, and this was why he could never return—that therefore she must rely on her own exertions alone for a livelihood, and, in conclusion, asked her whether she had not better at once return to Paris while the money still remained to pay the journey, as she must of necessity return to the stage immediately, or they would not have sufficient funds left to pay their expenses till the winter."

"No avowal ever made such an impression upon female mind as this. In rage and indignation Mlle. D— immediately started for Paris, where she had only to apply to obtain an engagement. Meanwhile the soi-disant hofpodar writes with great regularity, and threatens to be with her as soon as his health will permit. Mlle. D—, however, is busily consulting the law to ascertain whether she cannot break a marriage contracted under such fraudulent circumstances."

**More about Crinoline.**—A few weeks ago a gentleman of Newcastle had occasion to go out on a dull morning, and wished to take his umbrella with him, but it couldn't be found, and he was obliged to take his chance of the weather clearing up. Next day a search for the umbrella was made, but without success. Nobody had ever seen it since the "master" had it last. The gentleman had a numerous and mischievous brood of little ones, and one in particular, a boy, was very curious on the subject of crinoline. The Sunday after the search was made the child noticed the peculiar pyramidal and triangular shape of one of the "mother's" gowns, and next morning, penetrating into the mysteries of the servant's wardrobe, he was curious enough to take down the geometrically shaped habit, and then placing it on his shoulders, where it covered him like a small tent, he marched into his father's room with it. The mystery was out at once—the girl had stripped the umbrella for its whalbone, but not being *au fait* in dressmaking, she had only succeeded in investing herself in an irregular polygon, covered with a material of a light texture. The discovery of the body of a boneless umbrella offered further proof of the new invention.

The wearing of crinoline has been forbidden in many of the private institutions for female education in Germany.

A "crinometer" has been adopted in the public ball rooms of Belgium, and ladies whose crinoline surpasses a fixed development are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given at Montigny one female was measured and charged an extra seventy-five centimes; another person of an economic disposition preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops.

It is fortunate for the husbands and fathers of our fair countrywomen that trains are not worn but at court, or we should tremble for them and their purses. The Empress has just purchased of Mlle. Vergennes, the granddaughter of the Marquise de Vergennes, whom lady-in-waiting to Madame Victoire, aunt of Louis Seize, the dress in point d'Alencon given by the city of Rouen to that illustrious lady on her visit there with Louis Quinze. The Empress has paid the sum of fifty thousand francs for the dress, which has a train of two yards and a quarter in length, and is covered with birds, and trees, and emblematical figures of all kinds. It was thought this splendid object was intended for the *corbeille* of the future Duchess of Malakoff, but Madame Vignon has just been consulted about its appropriation to a Court dress for the Empress, and thus the anticipation is defeated.



**MADAME COLSON,**  
Prima Donna of the  
Strakosch Italian  
Opera Company.

When Maurice Strakosch made his brief announcement, in which he assumed that his new engagement, Mme. Colson, possessed "youth, beauty, and genius," those merry-andrews of the press, the musical critics, were fearfully exercised, and inflicted various side-digs upon that uncomeatable impersonality, the absent Strakosch. He had, in fact, stolen their thunder! What a line he had robbed them of, "youth, beauty, and genius." How splendid that would have looked in the Morning Thunderer, and how its resplendence would have reflected a sickly light upon the Evening Slip-slop. But their eloquence had been stolen; the discovery that Colson had youth, beauty and genius had been boldly proclaimed, and the writers had nothing to discover, and would not receive the intelligence kindly which was granted them gratis.

However, Colson appeared in New York at Burton's Theatre, and Mr. Strakosch's opinion was to be sustained or proved worthless. No great singer ever made her first effort before the public under circumstances so disastrous.

The orchestra was wretched, the chorus worse, and the principal supporting artists unacquainted with their parts or careless of their execution. The audience was willing to perceive and acknowledge excellence, but was uncomfortable in the unaccustomed location; while the critics were determined to be independent and see no evidence of the mental and physical qualities that Strakosch announced. Under such circumstances Madame Colson appeared as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento," and succeeded both with the public and the artists. The critics said little, which was a comfort for all.

She next appeared as Violetta in "La Traviata," and stamped as truth each particular assertion made by Strakosch. Her youth and beauty were patent to every one on her first appearance, but the genius which marks everything she does, was triumphantly evidenced in her conception and execution of the character of Violetta. It shone forth brilliantly even while the remembrance of the fine efforts of La Grange and Gazzaniga in the same character were fresh in the public mind. At the time she appeared we spoke of her in the following terms:

Madame Colson as Violetta is the embodiment of the poet's ideal and the fulfillment of the musician's creation. Beautiful and fascinating in appearance, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, gentleness and innocence, she realizes the idea of a being who could wind round the heart and hold the affections in a spell too potent for time in its changes to destroy. This natural fitness to the character is a marked element in the triumphant success achieved by Madame Colson. As a dramatic vocalist she has no equal in America, and we have had no one here of late days who could in any way compete with her. She is not the singer of one grand effect; she is a conscientious artist, and slight as no portion of her rôle. She thoroughly embodies the character, and no one place is deemed too light to be overlooked. In the first act, as the joyous, reckless woman, she dazzles by her flow of animal spirits, and infects us with the wild revelry which seems to be the ruling sentiment of her nature. In the second act she is the devoted woman. Love has done much to retrieve the past and sanctify the present; and the grace, beauty and gentleness which shone with a false but brilliant glitter in the gay salons of Paris, beam out with a thousand added graces in the circle of her happy home. Then comes the shock of the parting—when she finds that all her sacrifices have been in vain; that the past will rise up against her and bar her from the ineffable joy of home affections. In this scene and the following one, where her lover follows her to the salon again and insults her before the assemblage, Madame Colson's acting was admirable beyond expression—intense, pathetic, and so womanly that it affected all present with all the thrilling interest of a real life drama. In the third act, her delineation of the dying girl was painfully, exquisitely real. Saddened at the near approach of death, then flushed to an ecstasy of joy at the return of her lover, praying for life, yet conscious of the vanity of the hope—these, and all those delicate shades of feeling which only a woman can conceive and execute, were portrayed by the beautiful artist, until the canvas was filled, and art could do no more.

Her singing was equal to her acting, and we consider Madame Colson's rendering of the character of Violetta the most perfect performance in every sense that we have seen on the Italian stage for many years. Her success was triumphant, and she received every tribute that the enthusiasm of an intelligent audience could bestow. She is a great creature, and New York will begin to lay its homage at her shrine just as she is about to leave us; we have, however, enjoyed the privilege and luxury of listening to her, and it will be a pleasant memory for many years to come.

Since we wrote the above, we have again heard Madame Colson, and we have found no reason to abate one jot of our expressed eulogy. She sustained fully all that we had claimed for her, and at this moment she has no rival in the combined excellence of admirable vocal training and high dramatic abilities. The public have sealed with their enthusiastic approbation our written opinion of the superb talents of Colson, and her future in this country will be one of deserved and triumphant success.

A few brief facts of her life will interest our readers. She was born at Antwerp on the 27th of July, 1833. Her youth was



MADAME PAULINE COLSON.

a troubled one. But poverty and sorrow were handmaids to her genius, and early developed those powers, the maturity of which we are now enjoying the fruits. At the early age of thirteen she made her first public appearance at the Grand Theatre at Marseilles, as *seconde chanteuse*, and her salary derived from this position enabled her to support, unaided, her mother and several brothers and sisters. She afterwards appeared at Lyons, Bor-



HON. JUDGE EDWARD TURNER, LATE CHANCELLOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

deaux, Brussels, &c., and was finally called to Paris, where for several years she held a brilliant position as a successful representative of the light and dashing French opera. From Paris Madame Colson went to New Orleans as prima donna of the Opera company in that city, which position she sustained with honor and profit for three years. Fortunately for the public, Strakosch, on his way from Havana, heard the charming Colson, and saw at a glance the direction into which her genius should be turned. He effected an engagement with her, and she immediately started for Paris and devoted her time to the study of the Italian language, and in the brief space of two months perfected herself in four prominent Italian operas, and arriving in this country two months since, she at once took her place as a great artist, which position she has maintained, as her success here and wherever she has appeared fully attests. She is a favorite with all, and her youth promises to her a long, successful, and we trust a happy artistic career.

**HON. JUDGE  
EDWARD TURNER,  
of Mississippi.**

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers the portrait of the now venerable and eminent American citizen whose name heads our article, and although it may, possibly, not be familiar to all his countrymen, yet in the West and South it stands for all that is honorable, wise, just and dignified, commanding the respect and reverence of all who hear it spoken.

By birth a Virginian, of Fairfax county, the early home of Washington and many heroes, Edward Turner was not of a line of heraldic ancestry, his parents being plain farmers, but of the highest respectability.

In 1786, when their son was but eight years old, having been born November 26, 1778, his father removed to Kentucky, then attracting, from the salubrity of its climate, the richness of its soil, the purity of its waters, and the beauty of its scenery, the attention of the wealthier planters of Virginia, whose lands, carelessly tilled, were wearing out.

The facilities for educating Western boys at the time the subject of our sketch was a lad were not very great. A common school education was all the preparation he received for admission into Transylvania University. But time and means did not permit him to pursue a continuous course in this institution, yet with all his disadvantages, attending only at intervals, he laid the foundation of the education upon which in later years he was destined to build up a structure of wisdom and legal learning.

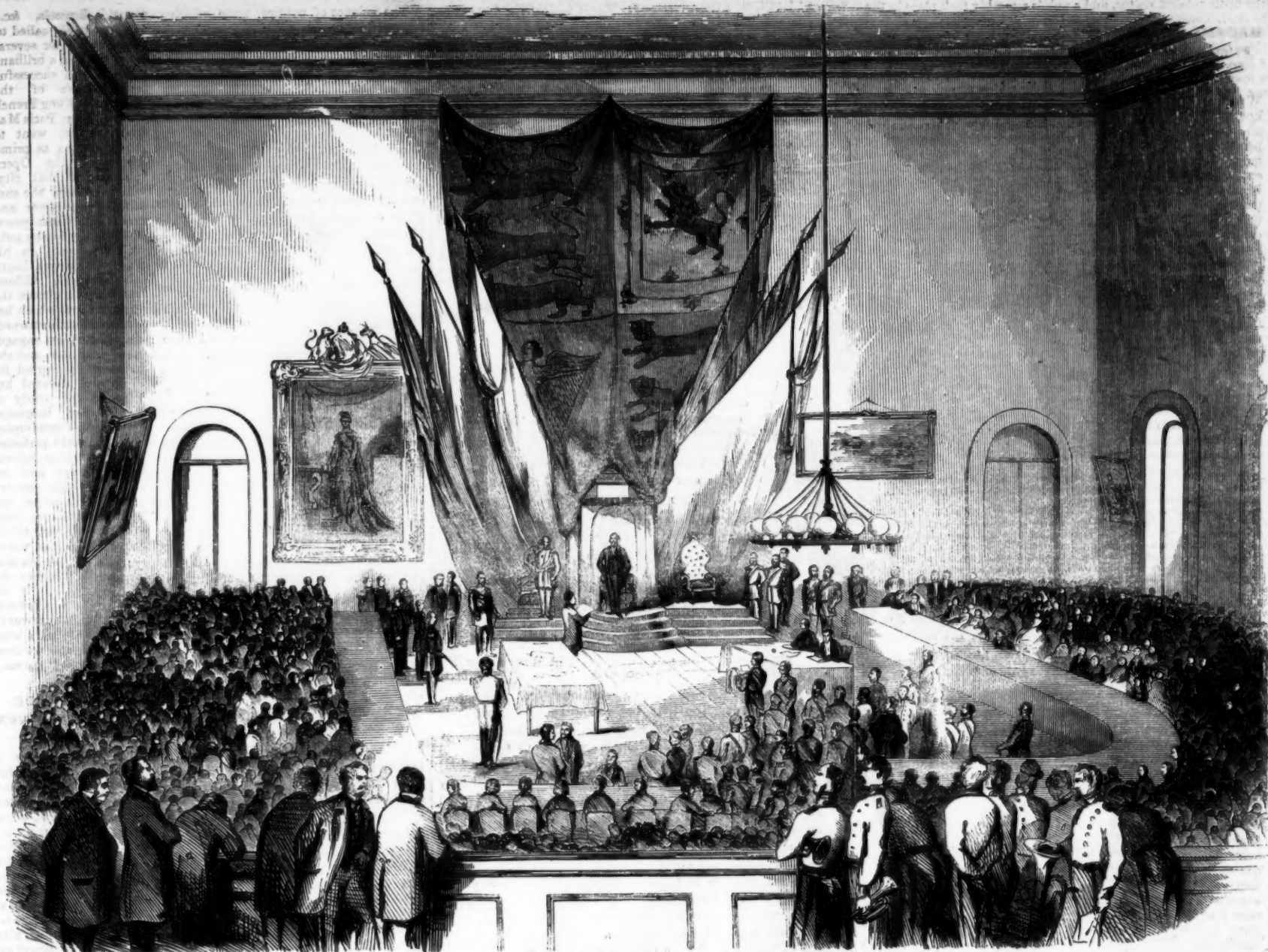
In his twenty-first year, with a fair knowledge of mathematics, surveying, geometry, geography, belles lettres and natural philosophy, and with a keen thirst for higher attainments in the field of scholastic lore, he resolved to study law. Colonel George Nicholas, first law professor of Transylvania University, encouraging this ambition, and admiring the admirable personal character of young Turner, received him as a clerk in his law office, then one of the most prominent and popular sources of legal learning in the West. This favor shown him by the able jurist was the turning point of a life henceforth devoted to the law, and destined to reflect honor upon a profession which in America is the vestibule to all political power and place.

After reading law nearly three years, and making himself master of its principles with that acumen and intellectual force which have ever characterized his mind, he looked about for a field on which to commence his career as a practising attorney. Natchez was at that time presenting a new arena for talent and enterprise, and emigration set strongly in that direction. Mr. Turner visited this place in January, 1802, bringing letters of recommendation to Governor Claiborne, who was then engaged in organizing the Territorial Government under the second grade. Young Turner was well received in Natchez, and at once commenced the practice of the law.

When the House of Representatives met in May, 1802 (but four months after his arrival as a stranger in Natchez), he was chosen clerk, and the Governor chose his young favorite as his private secretary. In September he married the daughter of Colonel Cato West, a planter of Jefferson county, and became a resident of Jefferson, where he accepted the office of clerk of a court, and also continued the practice of law in this court, which had then Common Plea jurisdiction, as well as in other courts, being distinguished for his learning, industry and sound judgment, and commanding by his high moral worth the confidence and esteem of both the bench and bar.

Losing his first wife after nine years' happy married life, he





THE RECEPTION OF GEN. SIR WILLIAM F. WILLIAMS, OF KARS, IN THE CITY HALL, TORONTO, C. W.—FROM A SKETCH BY ARMSTRONG, BEERE & HINES, OF TORONTO.

was married again in December, 1812, to Miss Eliza B. Baker, his present wife.

In the year 1815 he was chosen to represent the county of Adams in the State Legislature, to which honorable office he was re-elected for many successive terms. The Legislature in 1816 confided to him the preparation and publication of a digest of the Statute laws, a work which was executed by him with characteristic accuracy and ability. In 1819 he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the previous constitution in 1817, under which Mississippi was formed and admitted into the Union. From 1818 to 1822 he was, save one year, a member of the Legislature, and was elected twice Speaker of the House. In 1822 he received the appointment of Judge of the Criminal Court of Adams county. This led to his elevation to the Bench of the Supreme and Superior Court of the State, by Governor Lake, whose choice was confirmed by the Legislature the ensuing winter. In 1830 he was appointed, by Governor Poindexter, Attorney-General.

For some years Judge Turner continued to hold the high office of presiding Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1834 he was elected Chancellor of the State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Chancellor Quitman, an office which he retained with great popularity and usefulness until 1839. In the following year he was elected Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Gray—the term expiring in November, 1843—when he retired from the bench, within three weeks of being sixty-five years of age.

He would now have sought the shades of private life, and in the retirement of his estate in Franklin, devoted his days to those literary pursuits which were at all times the relaxation of his labors; but his adopted State still required the aid of his experience and wisdom, and the following year he was elected to the Senate of the State for the district composed of the counties of Jefferson and Franklin.

Having served therein with faithfulness and with new honors four years, he at length, at the age of seventy, withdrew from public life; and surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and rela-

tives, the Quitmans, the Connors, the Turners, the McMurrans, all families of the first distinction and of wealth, he now at the age of eighty, dwells as a patriarch in the bosom of his family, honored and beloved by all who know him, his gray hairs, in truth, a crown of glory to him.

He resides at his beautiful villa, "Woodlands," a mile from

Natchez, enjoying in his old age the fruits and rewards of his long life of usefulness. With a well-selected library, he devotes his time to reading, and visiting and receiving visits from his numerous descendants, and entertaining with characteristic hospitality his friends. He is still healthful and active, converses with all the vivacity of youth, and his conversation never fails to be instructive and entertaining.

#### RECEPTION OF SIR WM. FENWICK WILLIAMS, OF KARS, AT THE CITY HALL, TORONTO.

THE distinguished Sir William F. Williams, whose heroic defence of the city of Kars, in Asiatic Turkey, during the late war between Great Britain and Russia, acquired him so extended fame, is at present on a visit to British North America. Sir William is himself a "colonist," being a native of Nova Scotia.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded of the nature of the claims to distinction which the gallant General has a right to advance. The extraordinary energy of his almost unparalleled defence of the frontier city, Kars, scantily garrisoned by a few regiments of Turkish soldiers—the stubbornness with which he refused to yield to the repeated fierce assaults of the overwhelming force of Mouravieff, till the last particle of his provisions was exhausted, and his men, though reduced to a mere shadow of their original strength, could no longer find even the carcass of a horse upon which to sustain their lives—no less than the scientific skill which he exhibited in the arrangements of his defence, and the rare talent he evinced in gaining the affections while he kept in strict subordination the actions of his semi-barbarous troops—more than justify the honors which the Queen of England and the Allied Sovereigns bestowed on him at the close of the war. British North America, and Nova Scotia in particular, has naturally the warmest interest in the distinction of so brave a son; and on the arrival of Sir William in Canada, a few weeks ago, he was everywhere received with enthusiastic demonstrations of deep-seated respect. The municipality of Toronto, among others, resolved to pay due honor



THE SHAKESPEARE ROWING CLUB, TORONTO, C. W.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARMSTRONG, BEERE AND HINES, OF TORONTO.



to the distinguished visitor, and a public assembly took place in the City Hall, Toronto, on the 21st of October, for the purpose of presenting addresses to Sir William, when a large number of the leading citizens, as well as the principal public officers, including Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, were present. At a few minutes after two o'clock, General Williams and his Excellency the Governor-General entered the hall, and were conducted by his Worship, Mr. Mayor Boulton, to chairs set for them on the dais. They were accompanied by Colonel Irvine, Provincial Aide-de-Camp; Colonel Munro, C.B., Thirty-ninth Regiment; Colonel Bradford, of the Royal Canadian Rifles; Colonel Thomson, Captain Retallack, R. T. Pennefather, Esq., &c., &c.

The following address was then read by the Mayor:

To Major General Sir William Fenwick Williams, Baronet, of Kars, Knight Commander of the most honorable Order of the Bath, &c., &c.

The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto, representing the feelings of all classes of their fellow citizens, desire with one voice to welcome you to the capital of Canada.

The honorable distinction conferred upon you not only by her most gracious Majesty, but by her Allies, are the best proofs of the important services you rendered in the late struggle for the liberties of Europe. As Canadians, we feel proud that these laurels have been won by a British American—a colonist like ourselves, and that you have proved that England's honor and renown can be as ably vindicated by a native colonist as by any other subject of her Majesty.

We rejoice that you have gained the applause of the civilized world for the noble defence you made in the cause of freedom, under privations and sufferings unparalleled, with such honor to yourself and to your country.

We fervently pray that you may long be spared, alike a distinguished ornament of the profession to which you belong, as you are of the colony which gave you birth.

General Williams read the following reply:

To the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto:

I thank you most sincerely for the warmth of the welcome with which you greet me on my arrival amongst you, and beg you to believe that I shall retain a lasting impression of the great kindness I have received during my short visit to Canada, not only from his Excellency the Governor and Lady Head, but also from the whole community.

I am always happy to acknowledge my high sense of, and gratitude for the favors and rewards bestowed on me by our most gracious Queen, and the sovereigns in alliance with her, for my humble efforts during the late war. And I especially wish to do so on this occasion, because you have so strongly and emphatically expressed your gratification at the fact of my having been born in the sister colony of Nova Scotia, who a entire population prides itself on its unshakable loyalty to the Crown, and knows how to appreciate the sentiments of kindred spirits like yourselves.

We happily serve a most gracious Sovereign, who rewards alike those who strive to do their duty, on whatever spot of her vast dominions they may have drawn their first breath.

In conclusion, I thank you for the too flattering opinion you express with regard to my military capacity, and also for your good wishes for my future welfare.

W. F. WILLIAMS,  
Major-General.

Toronto, 21st Oct., 1856.

Other addresses from different persons present followed these, after which a dejeuner was offered by the Corporation to the gallant General. Several interesting speeches were made during its course, among which that of the Governor-General was especially well chosen.

Sir William Fenwick Williams is at present Commandant of Woolwich Arsenal (Eng.). It is probable that he may visit New York before his departure from America.

#### GREAT ROWING MATCH AT CHICAGO.

The Toronto Boat Club.

We are enabled, through the courtesy of Messrs. Armstrong, Beere & Hines, photographers and engineers at Toronto, Canada, to engrave the portraits of the Shakespeare Rowing Club of Toronto, which recently won the stakes (a purse of \$1,000) in a regatta with the Metropolitan Rowing Club of Chicago. We take the following account of the regatta from the columns of the Detroit Free Press:

The weather was far from what was desired, but it was thought best that the race should take place, as it had already been postponed three or four times, and a large crowd, amounting to some thousands of persons, was collected for the purpose of witnessing it. The wind blew quite fresh from the south, creating a swell that the light boats were not calculated to withstand with advantage. They were, however, brought up to the mark, and, after some delay in preparing, started evenly and fairly. The Toronto boat shot ahead, followed by the Chicago boat, which, at about the third stroke, shipped a sea, which probably impeded her way for the time. The two kept away under good speed, the Toronto boat leading, and gradually increasing the distance. Here the disadvantage of carrying no cockswain showed itself in the Chicago boat. She steered quite wild, and was near getting foul of her competitor at the first start. The arrangement by which it was intended to steer was fixed forward of the third oarman, and was worked by the test of the bow oarsman. The excitement of the race was too great to allow of one man managing oar and rudder both, and the consequence was that the boat lost ground from bad steering.

To add to the difficulties of the Chicago boat, considerable water had accumulated in it through the swell that was running, which occasionally dashed over the gunwales, and which they had no means of getting rid of.

The Toronto boat was guided by a small boy, who sat astern of the rowers and controlled the rudder by means of cords. He was also occupied in bailing with a sponge, and was able to keep the boat almost entirely free from water. The precision with which he steered, and the efficacy of his bailing, gave his boat an advantage which would have insured it the victory, all other things being equal.

The two boats quickly disappeared in the distance as they approached the stake boats, but were soon seen returning, the Toronto boat far in advance. As the latter came down it was greeted with cheers and shouts from the thousands that lined the shore and covered the decks and riggings of steamboats and vessels. The Chicago boat came down heavily, and in passing the Water Works dock was seen to be nearly full, the stroke oarsman sitting in water which covered his seat. Passing out to round the end of the pier, she entered into a short chopping swell which swept over her and filled her at about one hundred feet further on. She sunk at once, and the rowers abandoning their oars, sprang into the water and swam to Cunningham's four-oared boat, which fortunately was within a few feet of them, having followed in anticipation of such a result. All got aboard of her safely and came ashore, leaving their boat and oars to be secured by another boat.

Different opinions existed in regard to the capacities of the two boats. Many maintained that the Chicago boat would win in a calm sea, notwithstanding the bad failure made. The general opinion was much in favor of the Toronto boat, the handsome shape of which attracted attention, as well as the long steady stroke which the oarsmen pulled, in contrast to a short high stroke on the part of the Chicago men. The time made was very slow, being forty-two minutes. The distance was five miles, one-half up the river and return. The same distance has been made in 34:54 by the W. H. Tarboe, of New York, which is the quickest five miles ever made in this country, given by Putnam's Rowing Manual. The same authority gives four and a quarter miles, rowed by the same Chicago club that lost the race yesterday, in 31:06, with the boat Lucy Putnam.

The victorious crew were warmly received on their arrival in Toronto.

**WALLACE'S THEATRE.**—J. W. WALLACE, LESSEE.—Grand Reopening of this beautiful Temple of the Drama, with a company unsurpassed for excellence, comprising nearly all the old favorites of this establishment:

JAMES W. WALLACE,  
J. LESLIE WALLACE,  
JOHN BROUGHAM,  
MRS. HOEY,  
MRS. VERNON.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra chairs, \$1.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.**

Miss Laura Keene, sole Lessee and Directress. NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

**BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE NEW COMPANY.** Doors open at 7½; the performance to commence at 8 precisely. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW!**

**THODON'S THEATRE OF ART!** First time in the New World. Unlike anything ever seen here before. Every Afternoon and Evening at 3 and at 7½ o'clock during the week. Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c. Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1856.

NOTICE.—A. J. H. JOHNSTOWN, Pa.—Obliged for the sketch and letter received, but scene not of sufficient interest for insertion. Send address next time.

The Greatest Comic Paper Ever Published

Orders should be sent to our Agents without delay.

PRICE, SIX CENTS.

Early in November will be published

FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

richly illustrated with numerous Engravings by the most eminent Artists, and containing a choice collection of Humorous Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes and other entertaining matter.

#### The Central American Blunder.

AFTER a year's Paul-Prying and hob-nobbing in Washington, Sir Gore Ouseley has sailed in the British frigate *Valorous*, to complete in Central America the work he surreptitiously commenced in Washington. If ever the trite but truthful simile of the eagle falling wounded to earth by a shaft winged with a feather plucked from its own tail had an application, it applies to that American bird which flaps its wings so extensively at the bidding of all stump orators and rascally officials. It is doubtless in our very midst that the British Envoy has sharpened his arrows and taken his aim. But, as we said last week, this is one of those points in which our diplomatic deficiencies are made to tell so disastrously upon our most vital interests.

However the case may stand at present, there is no doubt that the pivot of commerce is Central America, and as every day increases the power of trade, whoever holds the scales will rule the world. This more especially concerns Great Britain and ourselves, and there would be no fear of any evil result had not the disturbing element of France entered into the calculation. The mission of M. Belly is quite sufficient to show that, despite the immense mercantile transactions between England and America, the work of demagoguism has played into the hands of European despotism. It is not too much to say that the advent of every Irish patriot or French socialist is a great disadvantage to this country, by creating a morbid antipathy in the British and French Governments against us, principally occasioned by meetings to sympathize with sepoys in India, or assassins in La Rue Lepelletier. But for this foreign element in our midst, we should have had Cuba and Central America long ago. The ravings of these men against the nations they have left have tainted the public mind, and the result is a mutual distrust between ourselves and our commercial rival, which it will require another generation at least to allay. We are inclined to think that we do not display our usual sagacity in paying attention to men whose remote valor blazes so conspicuously three thousand miles from the seat of danger. But for these marplots Walker would have been President of Nicaragua three years ago, and the American flag would now have protected the Isthmus transit. Let us look the evil they have done us calmly in the face. They have given to England and France—but especially the former—a controlling power in Central America it will take all our efforts to counteract. At this minute Walker has sailed with a band of filibusters, under the name of emigrants, for San Juan. He will find on his arrival there a British squadron, with Sir Gore Ouseley on board, ready to take advantage of all circumstances, and doubtless prepared to prevent his landing, or should they attempt it, to capture him and his followers.

And how can we blame the British Admiral for doing what Commodore Paulding has already done? We can hardly complain of their following our example. We can easily understand that the English would rather let the American fleet do this for them, because it would save time, trouble and responsibility; but that they will do it, in case of need, there can be no doubt.

Our own opinion on this point has been frequently expressed. With every wish to respect the rights of the weakest nation, we cannot allow feebleness to be an immunity for depravity, insult and massacre. For years it is notorious that life and property have not been safe on the Isthmus. The only accessible way at present to our richest State, California, has been infested by miserable brigands and cowardly assassins. On the mere pretext that a drunken miner did not pay for some fruit, four years ago, twenty-three American men and women were massacred in cold blood, and this outrage to this day remains unatoned for. Let us contrast the example of England. Some months since an English Consul was murdered by the Mahometan fanatics of Jeddah. Ere their bodies were cold a British frigate bombarded the city, and compels the Pacha to execute justice upon eleven of the assassins. When will our rulers vindicate the American name, and thus make American life secure?

This shameful indifference to American interests is rendered more remarkable, since, to revenge some fancied wrong offered to that redoubtable pugilist and Consul, Solon Borland, Greytown was laid in ashes. But then Solon was on the spot, and a frigate was there, and egoism did what national dignity failed to accomplish. All these things are evidence that our Administration is not conducted upon national principles, but is merely carried on with reference to private interests.

The science of politics, upon which our national welfare so intimately depends, has degenerated into a system of gymnastics, and our statesmen have become a Ravel family. Instead of expounding a great principle, they balance it as though it were a chair poised on a juggler's nose, and instead of walking unflinchingly in the path of duty, they dance the tight rope of a Convention, with the balancing-pole of a compromise in their hands.

The spoils are to the politicians of our day what the public good was in the times of Washington and Franklin. Never has the world witnessed such a falling off in our public men as the last fifty years have seen. There were statesmen and patriots in those days—we have now only politicians and place-hunters. No wonder that our interests are compromised in every part of the world, and that the American cause loses ground. No wonder that our Minister to China hangs like a cowardly cur around the chow-chow table of the Allied Powers, and picks up, stealthily, through long-tailed menials, a bone to send home as a Chinese treaty! A little courage and straightforwardness on the part of the Administration would have avoided all the trouble and mortification now breeding for us in Central America. It may, possibly, not be too late, if the Administration order the Paraguay squadron to rendezvous at San Juan instead of Buenos Ayres or Rio Janeiro. But such an act of national independence might bring a frown upon the serene brows of Sartiges and Napier, in whose sweet smiles our President and General Cass alone live and have their being.

#### The Thirtieth Street Horror.

THE murderous assault of a son upon his entire family is one of those unnatural atrocities which are altogether taken out of the human and put into the demoniacal category; and yet, removed as the crime appears to be from all the affinities of human kind, it is only the last point to which too many of our young men are travelling. As the first word brings on the first blow, so does the first disobedience, however trifling, wedge open the gates of death to the whole domestic circle.

It is a stale theme, but true as it ever was, that social life in our cities is rapidly sapping the foundations of our morals, and of course our national disorganization must soon follow. In what other country than our own can be seen dissolute youths smoking cigars and taking strong drinks, from which even manhood shrinks? Where else can be seen such hosts of young men lounging around groggery corners or in the gilded saloons of our great cities?

We know that much of this evil habit arises from that boarding system which has abolished the sacred institution of home in the principal towns of this great Republic. This is especially the case in New York, where we may be said to be born, live and die in one vast hotel. Domestic privacy, which is the nursery of virtue, is unknown in such places, and the result is a free-and-easy style of manner, which finally deprives woman of her modesty, man of his integrity and sobriety, and, most fatal of all, boyhood of all obedience and reverence. Filial affection becomes obliterated, and the only hold a father has over his children is resolved into the fact of how far it is the interest of his offspring to be guided by his wishes.

The result is seen in such depravities as the Woodman and Furness case, and such hideous tragedies as that just enacted by young Goudly. It may be said that hotel laxity does not apply to his case, since he had a comfortable home and indulgent parents, but for all that he was the indirect victim of it, since he was led away from his father's fireside by those who doubtless had not those advantages. It may also be said, and we hope for the sake of human nature it is true, that his appalling acts were the result of a sudden frenzy, but this was precipitated by his late hours and vicious companions. We are therefore justified in tracing this most lamentable occurrence to its immediate antecedent, and we therefore charge the associates of that unhappy youth with being the instruments of his ruin. We hope that every young man who grieves his parents' hearts by disregarding their wishes will pause in his career of folly, lest they should themselves be led on step by step to some kindred deed, by which this wretched youth has become a parricide and a self-slayer.

#### Passing Notices

**LECTURE ON NICARAGUA.**—A lecture, written by Don Firmin Ferrer upon Nicaragua, embracing a history of the Transit for the last two hundred years, will be delivered by Dr. Hawks, before the Geographical Society, on the evening of the 4th of November, at the room of the Historical Society, in the Second avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets.

**SPEERS' MEDICINAL WINE OF ELDER.**—This celebrated wine maintains its eminence for its high medicinal qualities. It is especially excellent in cases of nervous debility, dyspepsia, liver obstructions, dropsy, gout, eruptive and other affections. It is not only an effective medicine, but it is a delicious beverage, so delicious indeed, that we always feel sick when we come in sight of it, and are consequently compelled to try its restorative properties. Liquor dealers may boast that they keep old wines, but this is an Elder wine, and a better, and we can recommend it to our readers not only as a medicine, but as a cordial. Do not forget—Speers' Medicinal Wine of Elder.

**GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY.**—Mr. J. A. Dix, a gentleman well and favorably known in this city, has established at No. 1 Nassau street, New York, a general purchasing agency, for the benefit of those residing in the country, who may wish to purchase anything from a paper of pins to a steam engine, and who have no correspondents here. All who desire to purchase through Mr. Dix may depend upon having their wishes faithfully carried out. Mr. Dix charges only five per cent. commission.

**Turkish Gratitude.**—Miss Cressy, an English lady, has been brutally murdered in Jerusalem. She left her residence, near the Damascus Gate, on the evening of Friday, the 3d September, with the intention of proceeding to the British Consul's encampment. Under the impression that she was at the Consul's, her absence appears not to have occasioned any anxiety to her friends until the afternoon of Monday, the 6th. On Tuesday, tidings reached the Consulate that Miss Cressy was missing, and nowhere to be found. Immediate search was made in every direction, and on Thursday morning, the 9th, her remains were found, in an advanced state of decomposition, lying in a field near the Consul's ground, but some distance off the path. A deep wound was found on the temple, occasioned, no doubt, by a stone, as one was found close by the body covered with blood. The little property which she had about her—a ring and the contents of a small bag—had been taken away. After this discovery, the Europeans living outside the walls under tents, immediately broke up their encampments and returned to their homes within the city. The bearing of the native population towards the Christians, especially Europeans, has been such as to create deep anxiety in the minds of the residents.



## LITERATURE.

**Joan of Arc; or, the Maid of Orleans.** \* From MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

A matter-of-fact history of Joan of Arc would be both a pleasant and valuable addition to our literature, for around this famous woman time has thrown an almost impenetrable veil of romance, so that a strong ray of light is necessary to pierce its surroundings and let in truth. The work before us is worthless in this respect, for its spirit of superstition and bigotry only adds another defensive fold to the veil which is artistically arranged to exclude a ray of truth. The divine inspiration of Joan, her constant interviews with angels, their conversations, and the legends of unclean spirits who fight her battles for her and help to lick the English, are constantly paraded before the reader with all the solemn seriousness of belief. Such priestcraft twaddle is unworthy of the age in which we live, and is really insulting to the intelligence of the readers. What can be said of such extracts as the following: "Now, the God of this age was the Virgin much more than Christ, and it becometh that the Virgin should descend upon the earth, be a popular Virgin, young, beautiful, gentle, bold." "In particular she was relentless towards the dissolute women who followed the camp. One day she struck one of those wretched beings with St. Catharine's sword, with the flat of the sword only; but the virgin, unable to bear the contact, broke, and it could never be united." "One of the most furious among them (the English) had sworn that he would throw a flagon on the pile. Just as he brought it she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. 'I saw,' he exclaimed in his frantic despair, 'I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh.' " "Where find a fairer legend than this true history."

The whole book is full of the darkest and blindest superstitious bigotry, altogether behind the enlightened spirit of the age.

**Blonde and Brunette; or, the Gothamite Arcady.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. Muslin, 12mo., pp. 316.

It is seldom that a work of fiction is laid upon our table which approaches so nearly our idea of good novel-writing as this charming little work. Its appearance is truly comforting, in fact, inasmuch as it contains proof positive that the graceful art of contemporary fiction is not without professors of marked excellence among us. The writers of the deplorable trash under which the counters of our publishers and booksellers groan (as well they may), will be wise if they take counsel by the example afforded them in this simple narrative. It differs *totally* from the productions to which we refer. The object of the modern novel, depicting scenes in "everyday life," is to convey either instruction or amusement, or both combined; yet in how sorry a fashion do the majority of our writers set about their task! Cumbersome, impossible plots, inconceivable situations, characters with attributes absurdly superhuman—these are not the least among the faults that continually disgust us. A blemish—nay, a misdeed—more repulsive to our mind than even these, is the extraordinary contortion of the English language, which the novel-writer would palm off upon his public as a faithful transcript from the warm, breathing, idiomatic dialogue of actual life. There are few, we willingly concede, from whom we should expect anything approaching the vivid descriptive pages of a Dickens—few to whom we should look for the wonderful chromatic effects of light and shade in reflective passages which Thackeray is capable of producing; but what we have a right to ask of every man—still more of every woman—who ventures before the public with his or her record of a scene from life, is that the characters represented, be they ill or well portrayed, shall speak to us and to one another in the language of the living world, and not in the stilted flatulence of academy "compositions," or the laboriously rounded periods of the stump. And now let our readers reflect; can they call to mind a dozen works of fiction in which John and Tom and Caroline talk to each other like the men and women we are perpetually jostling in Broadway, instead of in "book language," the most unnatural and strained? We doubt very much whether this be possible; and even had "Blonde and Brunette" no other recommendation than this of naturalness in its dialogue, we should feel constrained to award it praise of the highest character. But the book itself is nature—a leaf from everybody's experience—a story told with such consummate art that one is unable to detect the traces of its elaboration. A wealthy merchant of New York, a Roman Catholic Irishman, has two fair daughters, gay, handsome, but not particularly industrious lawyer, and the other, his cousin, a rising artist. How Mr. Tremaine and Mr. McAbby grow intimate with Xanthine and Melanie—how the P.P. positive (presumed y Papist) scruples of the young ladies with regard to negative lovers were overcome—how McAbby painted and Tremaine lounged—how the dénouement is managed—we will not spoil our readers' pleasure by informing them. But we can cordially recommend them to become acquainted with the interior of the "Gothamite Arcady." They will find a healthy, spirited narrative, sparkling with quaint humor, and redolent with fragrant associations of the choicest flowers in literature. If we have a fault to find with "Blonde and Brunette," it is its tendency towards a quaintness of phrase which is sometimes carried to the verge of affectation, and that the humor so richly displayed is occasionally of too abstract connection for the public acceptance, but these are blemishes of a very secondary nature, and indeed of quite infrequent occurrence. Were they even greater and more numerous they would be amply compensated for by the charm of its dialogue, and the two or three passages of deep pathos in which the author appeals directly to the reader's heart.

**Isabella Orsini.** A Historical Novel of the Fifteenth Century. By F. D. GUMBRAZI. Translated from the Italian by LUCI MONTE, A.M. New York: Rued & Carleton, 310 Broadway.

If the "Life of Beatrice Cenci," published some time since by Rudd & Carleton, and the work before us, "Isabella Orsini," both by the same author, are the best specimens of contemporary Italian literature that can be found for purposes of translation, it will be well to let all others of the same class rest in the obscurity of their original language. We consider the tone of "Beatrice Cenci" and "Isabella Orsini" as insidiously destructive of pure morals as the universally abused works of Eugene Sue, George Sand and a host of other French writers. The mere fact that most of the characters introduced are historical is hardly sufficient to excuse the minute details of their abhorrent crimes under the garb of a novel, with specious apologies for the infamies which should be held up to scorn and execration. The author seems Isabella Orsini an unfortunate woman, and attributes her adulterous intercourse and the birth of an illegitimate in the house of her husband and during his absence, to misfortune. Her first appearance is in the act of prayer, in the course of which she enters into the deepest subtleties of argument in defence of her position, and lays a great deal of the blame upon Divine Providence, and immediately after rushes into the arms of her paramour, declaring that they will love on in utter defiance of consequences. This is very dramatic, but it is also very disgusting. The whole machinery of the plot deals with refined wretches and reckless villains and vice in all its Italian exaggeration. There is scarcely one redeeming point of good amid this labyrinth of sin and triumphant villainy. The book is eloquently written, but it contains a vast amount of bombast and canting sentiment. The muse of the author is as lugubrious as his subjects, and his ill concealed sympathy with his unfortunate heroine is not the least objectionable feature of the work. No good can arise from presenting to the public eye highly colored pictures of lewdness and vice in high places. They are not pleasant subjects for contemplation even in the brief dry pages of history, while they become pernicious and disgusting when worked up into sensation stories, disguised by the cognomen of historical novels.

Good writing becomes a subject of blame rather than praise when it is used, to render interesting characters which, in their bare reality, are simply monsters of crime and marks for the execration of posterity. Nero, in the hands of a skilful novelist, could be made a sentimental hero; his atrocious public acts could be reconciled by his private acts of devotion, remorse and repentance. Of such a school of literature are your virtuous highwaymen and religious bandits. That school is fortunately defunct, and we do not wish to see it revived under the garb of historical novels by contemporaneous Italian writers.

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton have brought out "Isabella Orsini" in excellent style, with a portrait of that "unfortunate" lady.

**Piney Woods Tavern; or, Sam Slick in Texas.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Related travellers meet at Piney Woods Tavern in Texas, and during a prolonged "Northern" while away the time by relating their experiences, jokes, anecdotes and adventures. Sam Slick, it need hardly be said, is "a head of the heap" in the roariest of the funny and the marvellous line. The book is highly entertaining; it is full of capital stories and cunningly-planned practical jokes, and the spirit of the humor is hearty and genial, though rough and back-woodish. The matter in the book is so good and so full of fun that we may expect to see extracts running the rounds of the papers for the next six months, and furnishing the comic for many well selected columns. To all who enjoy broad humor, laughable incidents and witty anecdotes, we commend "Piney Woods Tavern and the Texan Sam Slick." It is well brought out with illustrations, by Peterson & Brothers.

## MUSIC.

**Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.**—How the public doats upon the bewitching Píccolomini, the overflowing house unmistakably testify; how the writers of the operatic notices in the various papers, daily and weekly, groan over the fact, their several columns give melancholy evidence. These dabbles outside the musical art protest that Píccolomini cannot sing—that she cannot act—that she does not understand the characters she represents; in short, that she is only a lovely, piquant, fascinating, darling little lady, and consequently a "nobody" in particular. There are, of course, exceptions to these pottering boobies, but nearly all persevere in the antiquated absurdity of judging by comparison. This method is the safety of the dabbler in criticism, who, having no standard of excellence based upon his own knowledge and experience, falls back upon comparisons to help him out of the difficulty. Indiscriminate comparison must always be wrong, and will always be found the weapon of assault in weak hands. Years ago, the musical writer in the *Courier & Enquirer* gravely stated that the best critic in music and art was he who was the most technically ignorant of the subjects; and upon this principle, it would seem, has rested the choice of art critics for the past ever since.

The object of musical education is certainly not to produce only mechanical facility. Brilliant execution is not the end of art, but is simply one phase, which, in connection with other and more important studies, serves to make up a perfect vocalist. There are voices which no exercise of the teacher's art

and no amount of practice could render flexible to any great extent; but it would be worse than folly to say that, everything else accomplished, such a voice is uneducated. The modern test applied to the consideration of this subject is the degree of rapidity with which a singer can execute scales and difficult passages of *flouriture*; but this test is utterly wrong; it mistakes the momentary effect for the reality of singing. It substitutes the glittering ornament for the solid substance, and places mere facility above expression, sentiment, declamation and all the higher attributes which should distinguish the true artist, and are entirely irrespective of mere vocal facility or stentorian power of lungs. We do not affect to despise or underrate the physical advantages of a fine, powerful and flexible voice, but we should deem ourselves untrue to the just principles of criticism, and the proper appreciation of art, did we condemn the true artist lacking these, but possessing all other requisites.

To the educated ear there are countless delicate points which denote the educated singer, which the uneducated hearer is not cognizant of—the well-turned, supple, the delicate appoggiatura, the almost imperceptible emphasis, &c.—slight points, apparently, in themselves, but conclusive evidence of finish to all who know anything of the vocal art.

Our position is simply this: if a singer manages the voice she has properly, giving evidence of educational finish; if she throws into her music passion, sentiment and intensity; if she acts the part up to her ideal—that is, throws herself physically and mentally into the character she assumes, giving us a transcript of her natural emotions and impulses, we have to receive her impersonation, *per se*, for what it is worth, and not refer, by comparison, to La Grange, who has a larger voice and more facile execution, or to Grisi, who has a grander and more heroic physique.

Píccolomini is neither a La Grange nor a Grisi, and she displays her good judgment by not aping qualities beyond her power. The potent charm exercised by Píccolomini over the affections and sympathies of every public arises from the simple fact, that in all she does there is a complete identification of her own personality—she makes each character herself, its smiles are her smiles, its griefs are her griefs—and we can ask no more of an artist so long as she does not trench upon that class of character where the personalities are historical and not ideal. In all that Píccolomini does we recognize a high degree of art, subject, however, to the strong impulses of her nature. Her singing is passionate, earnest, piquant and natural, and all that she attempts gives evidence of a careful culture and a delicate musical organization. Her acting is simply the revelation of her nature, which is impulsive in joy or in sorrow, and enthusiastic to a degree rarely met with. To these attributes she adds an ineffable charm of manner which no one can resist, and which grows more potent and irresistible the oftener we come within the range of its influence. We know not what her manner is in private, but if it possesses a tinge of the fascination it exercises in public, how some one can remain a bachelor we are at a loss to understand, or how she can guard herself against being carried bodily off is a matter for wonder.

No more fascinatingly charming "Marie," the Regiment's Child, ever appeared upon the stage, and if that regiment supposes that it is the only body that loves the sweet and petted Marie, it is mistaken, for that was regret, the public, shares the sentiment to the fullest extent, and its feeling, moreover, is real and not operative. We shall not analyze this performance of Píccolomini, as to do so we should only have to reiterate her artistic excellences, which we have already chronicled above. We will merely sum up by stating that it was an exquisite performance throughout—that her conception and execution of the character was not only faultless, but that it added strength to the charm which she has thrown over the public mind and feeling. The Academy has been densely crowded each night of her personation, despite of the weather, and also, alas! of the opinions (!) of the musical ready-writers of the press. Our appreciation of Píccolomini has brought tears into the eyes of some of our critical and musical friends; they mourn us as one who has fallen under the spell of the siren—who has deserted the classic for the popular—who has lost his head and his heart at the same time. We bid them to be comforted, to be of good cheer. We are very comfortable, and accept our dispensation with remarkable equanimity, and we rather opine that we can take care of our own business and guard our own critical reputation.

**A Letter from Theodore Eisfeld.**—We had the pleasure of reading a letter written by Theodore Eisfeld on the 14th ult., and dated from Fayal. He corroborates the published accounts of his miraculous escape from the double death, fire and water, and of the utter incapacity of the captain, officers and crew, the want of life-preservers, and the wild and reckless haste and terror of all on board, which resulted in the swamping of nearly all the boats. Mr. Eisfeld's description of the scene, though brief, is horribly graphic and startling. He speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude of the noble men who rescued him from certain death, and afterwards preserved his life by their unrelenting tenderness and attention.

Mr. Eisfeld has suffered severely from exhaustion and from the fearful shock his nervous system received during the terrors of those fearful hours when the Angel of Death hovered over six hundred souls in imminent peril; but the unparalleled kindness of the inhabitants of Fayal—many of whom Mr. Eisfeld mentioned in terms of heartfelt gratitude—and the salubrious climate, are together fast restoring him to health. Mr. Eisfeld will pass the winter months in Fayal, in order to thoroughly recruit his health, and will return to New York in the month of April, 1889. He will be heartily welcomed by his numerous friends.

The Philharmonic Society, with a prompt liberality which does honor to the organization, immediately on the receipt of the news of Mr. Eisfeld's advent in Fayal, despatched five hundred dollars to relieve him from any pecuniary embarrassment which might assail a stranger in a foreign land. We mention this fact, which came to us accidentally, because we are proud of a body of men who do not hesitate to act with a liberal generosity when a case of extraordinary necessity comes before them, and because it proves also how high Mr. Eisfeld stands in the estimation of the musical profession. Mr. Eisfeld is a gentleman, in the broadest sense of the term, and we know no man better or more deservedly esteemed, both in public and in private.

## DRAMA.

**Laura Keene's Theatre.**—The "American Cousin" has gained upon the audiences, as crowded houses sufficiently attest. Miss Macarty and Jefferson in afterpieces wind up most agreeably the evening's entertainment. Directly the public will suffer her to withdraw the "American Cousin," she has novelties all ready to produce.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—That pleasant comedy, "Marriage à la Mode," with Brougham's witty burlesque, have drawn excellent houses. We have reviewed them at length in our last.

**Barnum's Museum.**—We have just to say ditto to what we said last week. The bearded boy, Dr. Valentine and Thiodon's Gallery are as popular as ever. The two latter attractions combine together to form a most interesting and amusing mélange.

## How a French Editor was Converted to Bonapartism.

The story of the conversion of Monsieur Veulliot, the editor of the *Univers*, to Bonapartist sentiments is as curious as his "conversion" to religion. The Emperor sent for him during the trial of Bernard, and told him that to him alone would be confided the honor of France and the condemnation of the existing laws of England. Veulliot hesitated—he did not like the aspect of affairs, which threatened loss of caste among his own people; when the Emperor, with the tact which no man like himself possesses, retired for a moment, and returned with the Empress. "My love," said he, "this is M. Veulliot, the greatest defender of the Catholic interests in our day—the most intrepid and persevering opposer of the inroads of Protestantism—the most talented in 'our' defence—now existing among us." The Empress bowed gracefully; her eyes lighted up with pleasure at beholding the pillar of Catholicism. She requested the pleasure of pressing the hand which had written so much in its defence. She looked at him with the admiration she, perhaps, really felt—and Veulliot was lost to the B. Urbans, to Frohndorf and to Parma for ever and ever. The story is perfectly true, and Veulliot tells it himself with inimitable naïveté, defying every man he meets, of whatever age, tenets or opinions, to deny that he would have done the same under similar circumstances.

**English Infernal Machine.**—The London *Daily News*, after a hasty sketch of modern improvements in various kinds of arms, describes a new weapon invented by Sir Charles Shaw. It says:

"Seeing that we cannot rifle our cannon because of the mass of metal we have to deal with, Sir Charles Shaw—the author of the invention which we now proceed to describe—proposes to divide our cannon itself as well as the shot. He replaces the field piece, cannon or howitzer by a row of rifle barrels, twenty-five in number. These are accurately placed on the same level, each barrel diverging slightly from the central one, so that the volley of rifle bullets discharged from the barrels will cover a width of about five yards, at a distance of about eight hundred yards. Sir Charles Shaw's rifle battery is indeed a reproduction of Fieschi's infernal machine, placed on wheels, and made far lighter and far more manageable than a light brass nine pounder gun. This implement may, therefore, be regarded as a rifled cannon, divided into twenty-five portions, as destructive as grape or canister shot at 500 yards or sharpshooters' shells at 300 yards, with its deadly aim extended as far as the rifle can reach. Conceive a battery of horse artillery with four of Sir Charles Shaw's infernal machines substituted for their guns. What battery of field artillery, what troop of horse, what battalion of infantry could withstand their deadly shower of Minie balls? The cannon or howitzer requires nine men at least to serve it, and it must be dragged by four or six horses; the rifle battery requires but two men to load it and one to fire. It can be fired by one pull of the trigger or in sections of twelve barrels at a time, as may be expedient."

**More Corruption.**—The Russian officials seem worthy of being Gothamites. A gigantic fraud has been discovered in the Russian accounts. Some American contractors are implicated. It appears that they have charged and received for sixty miles more railroad than have been built. The poles erected along the line to denote the distances have been systematically fixed in the wrong places, so as to mislead both the Government and the public. The Emperor was in the most violent state of excitement on learning the above, and gave immediate orders for the strict investigation into the facts of the case to be made, with the view to inflict the most summary punishment on the parties implicated in this enormous transaction; but so many persons of the highest rank and importance are compromised in the affair, it is not likely that the investigation will be continued, but, on the contrary, the matter will be hushed up, to prevent the public scandal of the real delinquents being exposed, and made to suffer the penalty they so richly deserve for the share they have taken in this atrocious fraud.

## A COLUMN OF GOLD.

We overheard the following dialogue in the street the other day between an old lady and a ditto boy: "Mike," said the lady, "how's your mother today?" "A good deal better, I guess," answered Mike; "she's been a-teig some soup sitting up on her elbow this morning." "Should think she was a good deal better. Eating soup, and at the same time sitting on one's elbow, is a tolerably smart gymnastic feat for an invalid."

"You are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off'?" "Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.' Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

**The Young Idea.**—An inspector of schools, while lately examining the young children of a country school, asked them the following questions: "Are there any mountains in Palestine?" "Yes," replied the children. "How are they situated?" inquired the inspector. "Some are in clusters and there are some isolated ones," they answered. "What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the inspector. "Why, covered with ice, of course!" quickly replied the children.

**A Bad Cold.**—Almost everybody has a bad cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street corner dialogue between them sounded something like this:

Smith—"How d'ye do, Jones?"  
Jones—"Pretty well, only I have a bad cold. How are you, Smith?"  
Smith—"I have a bad cold, too, but it's getting well agid."  
Jones—"What beddill did you take?"  
Smith—"I stuffed up laudanum and water. Do you take anything?"  
Jones—"Do, I just grid ad bear it."

## The Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

**A Rich Scene.**—A few days since I chanced to stumble into an auction sale of damaged dry goods where the bids were spirited, and the large crowd of males and females were vying with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was, I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "going," a male voice cried out "dollar fifty" from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, blowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter upon which the glib-tongued auctioneer walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side he commenced anew his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty?" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman with a half-suppressed smile on his small sober visage.

A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five? Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith for five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what, my husband?" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good-for-nothing man, you've been bidding against your own wife! Oh, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

## The Three Roses.

Just when the red June roses bow  
She gave me one—a year ago.  
A rose whose crimson breath revealed  
The secret that its heart concealed,  
And whose half-shy, half-tender grace  
Blushed back upon the giver's face.

A year ago—a year ago—  
To hope was not to know.  
Just when the red June roses blow  
I plucked her one—a month ago.  
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,  
I laid it on her smiling lips;

The balmy fragrance of the south  
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.  
Swiftly do golden hours creep—  
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past—  
This very day I broke the last.  
And now its perfumed breath is hid  
With her, beneath a coffin-lid;  
There with its petals far apart,  
And withered on her icy heart:

At three red roses' cost  
My world was gained and lost.

**An Extraction.**—Mr. Nahum Slippercoe is a native of that intensely fertile and populous county of Elk—said Elk county being, as is well known to geographers and geologists, a part and parcel of this State. Nahum came to this city last week to see a portion, if not the whole, of that mysterious and gigantic metropolitan quadruped known as the elephant. He was afflicted with a "raging tooth," one of those morbid habits which have a habit of aching exactly at the wrong time. Nahum resolved to have it "jerked" at the shortest possible notice, and went forth in search of a dentist.

In passing up Third street, Nahum's eye caught sight of a sign bearing the inscription:

"GREAT STUMP EXTRACTOR."

Nahum said to himself, "Just the dodge, here's a feller takes 'em out bodily." Into the office he bolted the suffering member from Elk county. The office was like all other offices, containing chairs, two or three tables, and a long queer-looking apparatus with a chain attached.

Nahum glanced curiously at the machine, nodded to the gentleman in attendance, and seated himself.

"Morris," said Nahum.

"Good morning," replied the gentleman, eyeing his visitor.

"I—ah—that is, you're the stump man, are you?"

"Yes, sir; have you a job for us? How many stumps and what kind, sir?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum; "fact is, I only wanted one old snag jerked out, take 'em out, I s'pose, by the roots, don't you?"

"Certainly, clear and clean."

"Yes, so. Well, this one of mine's bin a troublin' me mor'n a week. I s'pose you don't spil much blood a jerkin' 'em, do you?"

"Blood! of course not; what do you mean?"

"Nothin'; leastways, nothin' particular. What's the charge?"

"We charge according to the distance we travel, the size of the stump, and the soil it's in."

"Well, what do you jerk 'em with—common drawers?"

"No, that machine there."

"Thunder and lightning! d'ye s'pose I'm agoin' to let you put that thing into my mouth? Jes look into my 'later trap, and take a squint at the stump; don't want no yoke of oxen to yank that, nohow."

Gentlemanly owner of the stump extractor now discovered that Nahum had made a decided mistake—stumps of trees and stumps of teeth were two entirely different commodities. Nahum went forth to cogitate upon the mutability of stumps in general, and the extraction of his own in particular.

**Scene.**—The crowded deck of an American packet from California.

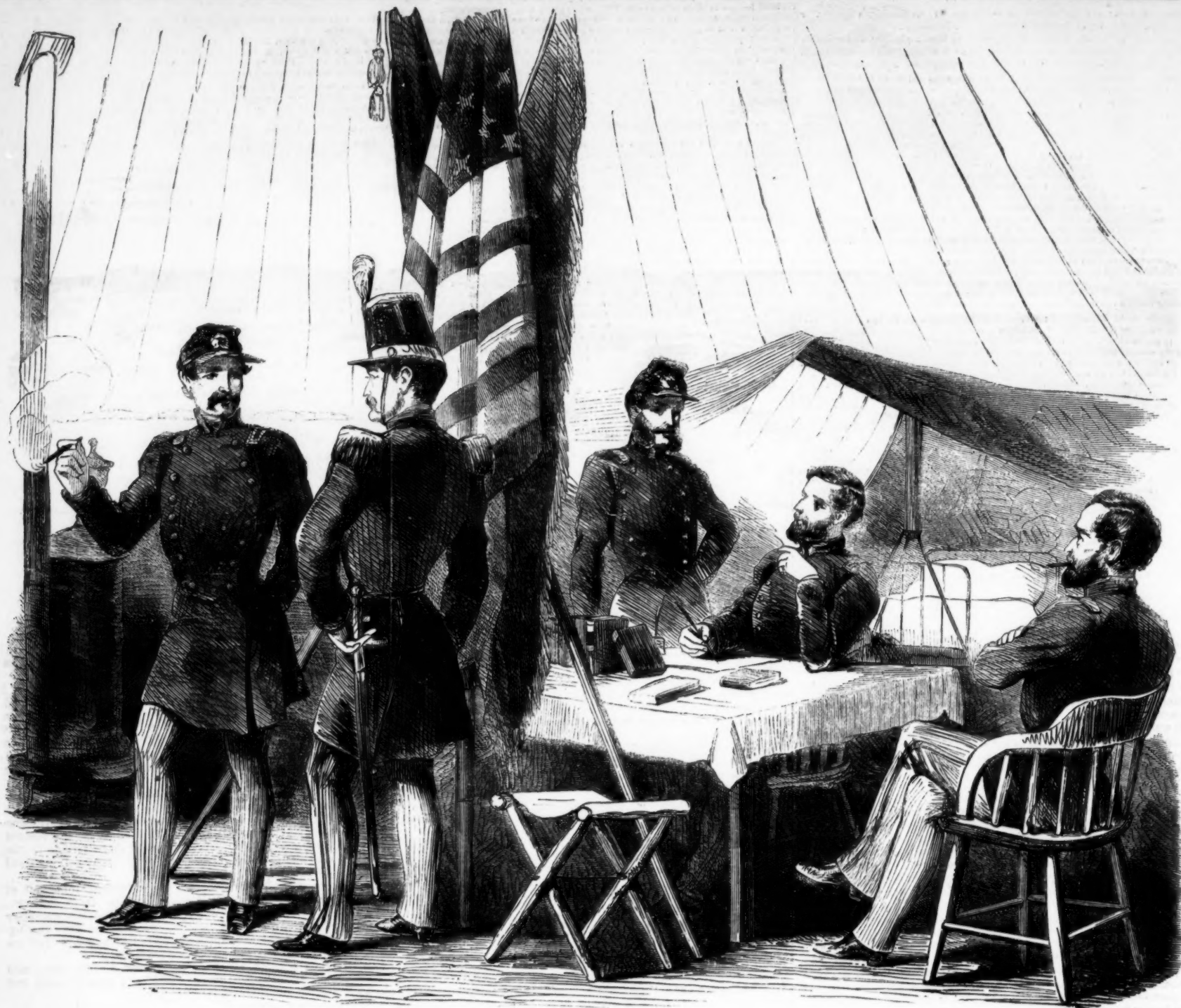
Californian to the Skipper—I should like a sleeping berth, now, if you please.

Skipper—Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks since we left port?

Californian—Wall, I've been sleeping on top of a sick man; but he's got better, now, and he says I've got to move my boots.

**A good story** is told of a Yankee who went for the first time in a bowling alley, and kept flung away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy, who, so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively engaged in endeavoring to avoid the balls of the player, which rattled on all sides the pins without touching them. At length the fellow, seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out as he let drive another ball, "Stand in among the pins, if you don't want to get hit!"





COLONEL VOSBURGH'S TENT, CAMP WASHINGTON, STATEN ISLAND.

## COL VOSBURGH'S TENT AT CAMP WASHINGTON, STATEN ISLAND.

THE arrival of the Seventy-first Regiment to take its turn in guarding the Quarantine buildings on Staten Island was the signal for the remodelling of the entire camp, and its construction on strictly military principles. The strict discipline of the regiment, however, did not interfere with a sufficient amount of comfort when off duty, and the officers' tents were arranged with a due regard to convenience. That of Col. Vosburgh was naturally the most spacious, containing accommodations for a comparatively large assemblage, and fitted up with plain but convenient furniture. We present a view of the interior, as it gives an excellent idea of tent life on Staten Island.

## THE DEVIL-FISH.

THE curious monster a portrait of which we engrave was caught a month or two ago off the coast of Scotland. It is quite rarely that fishermen find the devil-fish among their nets, nor do they view it with any pleasure in making the haul. Its popular name is derived from its ill looks—for his Satanic Majesty is usually called upon to stand godfather to everything that is particularly hideous.

## OMAHA CITY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

OMAHA CITY is the capital of Nebraska Territory, and has a population of about four thousand. It has a pleasant and commanding site, and is built close upon the margin of the river. It was laid out by the Council Bluffs and Omaha Ferry Company, in 1854, and now contains some magnificent buildings, among the most prominent of which are the State House, Herndon House, the Pioneer Block, &c.

Omaha has, through great opposition, held the capital since the organization of the Territory in 1854. The first Legislature met at Omaha in January, 1855. Omaha is the most populous city in the Territory, and has a commanding commercial position—the only drawback being want of a good landing, which a little expense might remedy.

The site of Omaha was first known as the "Lone Tree Ferry," where, for several years, W. D. Brown ran a flat-boat across the river with California emigrants; and the place was an old camping-ground, where the Indian war-dance and other wild extravaganzas were practised without restraint.

Its distance from St. Louis, by land, is five hundred miles, and by the river navigation, eight hundred; from Fort Laramie, five hundred. A fine steam ferry plies between Omaha and Council Bluffs. Omaha, being one of the places earliest settled, has been the theatre of many scenes of interest, excitement and border collision, the pique and jealousy of other rival towns being brought constantly to bear against "the capital."

Was it a Blunder?—The Sunday Courier, an excellent paper, has for some weeks given a portrait of some notorious rogue in its front page. Last week that place of honor was occupied by the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles. We suppose the Board of Aldermen will next take their turn *seriatim*.

## CRESCENT CITY, IOWA.

THIS place was founded a year and a half ago by J. E. Johnson, Esq., and now contains a population of near a thousand. It is on the Missouri river, in Pottawattamie county, Iowa, directly opposite and five miles distant from Florence, N. T. It is three hundred miles west of the city of Davenport, and the contemplated terminus (or at least one of the termini) of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad. The location is one of great loveliness and wild beauty, spread out in the valley of the "Pigeon," and sloping off towards the river.

Crescent City was, many years ago, the site of an old Indian town, and at a later date the Mormons built a little town here called Terryville, where a store, public-house and many shops were opened, only one of which is now standing, having mostly been burnt by the annual fires on the prairies. Crescent City takes its name from the semi-circular shape of the Bluffs surrounding it, and is noted for its unparalleled growth, for its beauty and grandeur of the hills and scenery around, and for its public schools, as well as by being one of the first places settled by the Mormons in Western Iowa. A quarry of the finest limestone known in the West is extensively worked near Crescent City. The region around is abundantly supplied with fine timber and excellent water, and is the best agricultural region of the West.



THE DEVIL-FISH.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

## THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

## A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

## CHAPTER XX.

I SPARE my readers, however indulgent and patient they may be, a description of the race. To me there were other points of far more interest on the ground; and it was only when the race actually began that I noticed the horses at all. But indeed they deserved notice, for they were splendid animals, and Lady Bettie was a perfect beauty.

But one can see horses and attend horse-races anywhere. Here, however, was a scene full of novelty to Northern eyes. The refined but frail-looking beauty of the South, so different from the bouncing, rosy-cheeked, Northern beauty; the gentlemanly, urbane, dark-complexioned Southern planter; the matronly negro nurses, with their gaudy checked turbans, and prattling children climbing over them and hanging round their necks, with genuine fondness painted on their little faces; the youthful darkeys, with their white teeth and shining skins, so proud and fond of their young masters and mistresses; all these things, and many more, kept my attention on the stretch till the interest of the race began to reach its climax, and then of course there was no turning aside from the one great point of interest.

Lady Bettie did not win. She came out second best, however, and that was doing very well. This did not satisfy Ned, who vowed he would never let her run again. Bettie, after whom she had been named, declared she was glad of it—glad that she had lost the race, and glad that Ned was not going to run her any more; for she thought it was cruel to make her run so fast, and she meant to give Hardtimes—that was the little negro jockey—her whole bushel of ground nuts for not pushing Lady Bettie harder, and ever so many sweet potatoes besides. Ned, be it known, had threatened Hardtimes with a good whipping for the same omission.

But while this little by-play was going on, Mary caught my hand, and almost jumped into my lap. I looked at her, and she was as pale as death, and was gazing at a crowd of men who filled a sort of tent which had been erected on a distant portion of the ground. I looked there too, but could see nothing to account for her emotion.

"What is it, Mary?" I whispered.

She said nothing, but pointed to the group of men.

"I see nothing," said I; "there are a crowd of men there, but none that I know."

"I saw him there," she whispered. She had never called him father since the morning she left him.

"Well, Mary," I said, "if he were there—though I think you are mistaken—you are safe with me. What are you afraid of?"

"He will steal me away," she said.

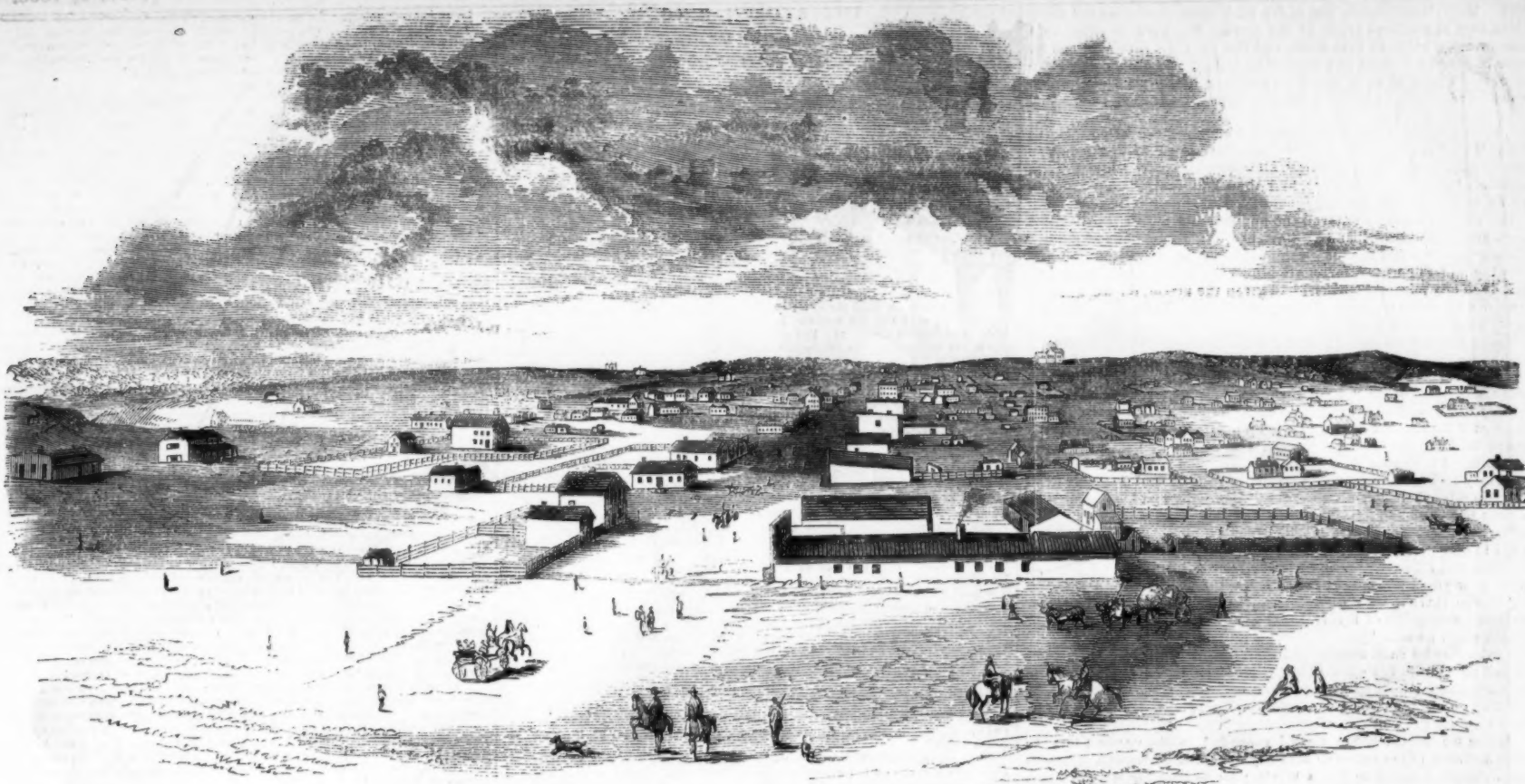
"Oh, no, Mary, why should he steal you?"

"He always does it."

"But he has given you to me, Mary; he knows he couldn't take care of you, and he said so."

"Never mind," she persisted; "he'll steal me away, he always does it."





OMAHA CITY, CAPITAL OF NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

"Did he see you, Mary? Did he recognise you?"

"Yes, I'm sure he saw me."

"Did he bow to you, or smile?"

"No, sir, he was looking straight at me, and when he saw that I noticed him and knew him, he sneaked away. That's the way he always does."

It was only when Mary had got safely back to the Mills House, and was seated in her usual corner of the sofa in the ladies' parlor, that she appeared to lose her apprehensions, or to consider herself at all safe.

## CHAPTER XXI.

I was seated the next day at a window, looking quietly out into Broad street. It was one of those delicious, balmy days often experienced in mid-winter in a southern climate. General Worthington and most of the males of the party had gone again to the races—for they last three or four days—but Miss Dora, the children and myself had all remained at home. The truth is that poor little Mary manifested such terror when I proposed going, that I remained at home on her account. But I persuaded Miss Dora and the two girls to take a walk in King street, and as I was somewhat lazily inclined I took a book and lounged at the window awaiting their return.

Mom Dido and the twins were promenading the pavement beneath me, and they had stopped to try to catch in their hands the groundnuts with which my pockets were often filled, when I saw Miss Dora returning alone. She had turned the corner suddenly. As soon as she perceived mom Dido, against whom she almost ran, she lifted up both hands and stopped, reeling up against the house as she did so.

I was down stairs and in the street in a moment. I saw that Dora was very pale, and, as soon as she saw me she burst into tears. I confess I was not a little frightened, and running to her I exclaimed, "Where's Mary?" for my first thought was of her.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, but she could go no further; for between her faintness and her tears she could scarcely articulate, and while I was begging her to compose herself, and tell me what was the matter, I was dismayed to see her close her eyes, and begin gradually to fall to the ground. We caught her, mom Dido and I, and bore her into the house, and after deluging her with water, she came to sufficiently to make me understand that Mary had been seized in the street by a man who had suddenly darted out of a store, and before she could raise any alarm he had put her in a carriage and driven off.

I was almost beside myself, for I knew not what to do nor where to go; there was no clue to anything. In the meantime mom Dido thought of poor Bettie, about whom I, to tell the truth, had never thought at all.

"An' where's Miss Bettie, Miss Dora?" said mom Dido; "is she taken too?"

"Bettie would go too," said Dora; "the man pushed her back, and almost threw her from the carriage steps, but she held on; and finally she bit the man's hand and forced her way into the carriage; and when I last saw her she and Mary were hugging each other, and crying together."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "that man will kill her!"

"What man is it?" inquired Dora; "do you know him?"

I had made General Worthington acquainted with what I myself knew of Mary's history, and intended to tell no one else; but I thought it now best to tell Dora; and when I described the appearance of the man I had seen a few days before she said it was the same.

Now what to do and where to go was the question. If I had been in New York I should have known what course to take, and I should have started the police off on the hunt in double quick time. But in Charleston those things are so unusual that no provision seems made for them. I knew that the police court was over for the day, and the Mayor I had seen driving by in a splendid phaeton two hours before, evidently on his way to the races. They take things very coolly those southerners, hot-headed as they are said to be, and know right well how to enjoy life. I did what I could, however, and rushed wildly about the streets to no purpose.

I had returned to my hotel perfectly exhausted, when the carriages containing our party from the races drew up at the door. My news filled them with consternation. They had all learned to love Mary; as for Harry Vernon, he doted on her as much as I did. And Bettie too, wild and wayward as she was, was a universal favorite, though it appeared to be the general opinion that she was gifted with the power of self-preservation in some extraordinary way, and that she would not only deliver herself, but even Mary, from her persecutor. Bettie's father, Mr. Gibbons, had left the city for his plantation on the first day of the races.

Ned was furious about it. He ordered George to saddle his pony, and swore that he wouldn't leave an inch of the city unsearched; and it was only in obedience to his grandfather's express command that he gave up his chivalrous enterprise. Mom Dido was more careful than ever of her little charge, as if they too were in danger of abduction. But poor Dora, under whose special charge they were when so rudely snatched away, was the very picture of distress.

## CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER an anxious day came a gloomy evening. True, the police had by this time been set to work, but our imaginations were also

busily engaged, and the pictures they presented were often far from pleasant ones.

We were all seated moodily around the fire in our private parlor; the evening had closed in dark and cloudy, and the chilly wind moaned and whistled in a particularly plaintive and uncomfortable manner. The gentlemanly Mayor was with us, assuring us that every effort should be made to recover the children, and telling miraculous tales of similar events, which had all, of course, ended happily, and redounded highly to the praise and honor of the city and her effective and vigilant police.

Suddenly we heard the sound of little feet running along the passage, and immediately the door burst open, and who should rush into the room but Bettie, her hair flying wildly about in every possible direction, and her large black eyes looking larger and blacker than ever. She sprang into the room, made three bounds to the fireplace, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Come! come! all of you! I'll show you the way!"

We were upon our feet in a second, and all questioning Bettie at the same time. This confusion lasted, however, but a moment; each one immediately recollecting that calm firmness was necessary to prompt and effectual action. We all gave way to Gen. Harrington, who took Bettie's hand and began to question her. "Tell me all about it," said he. "Where did you leave Mary?"

"I left her in a house all alone with those dreadful men," said she; "but she let me come because I told her I knew I could find the way here."

"Why didn't she come too?"

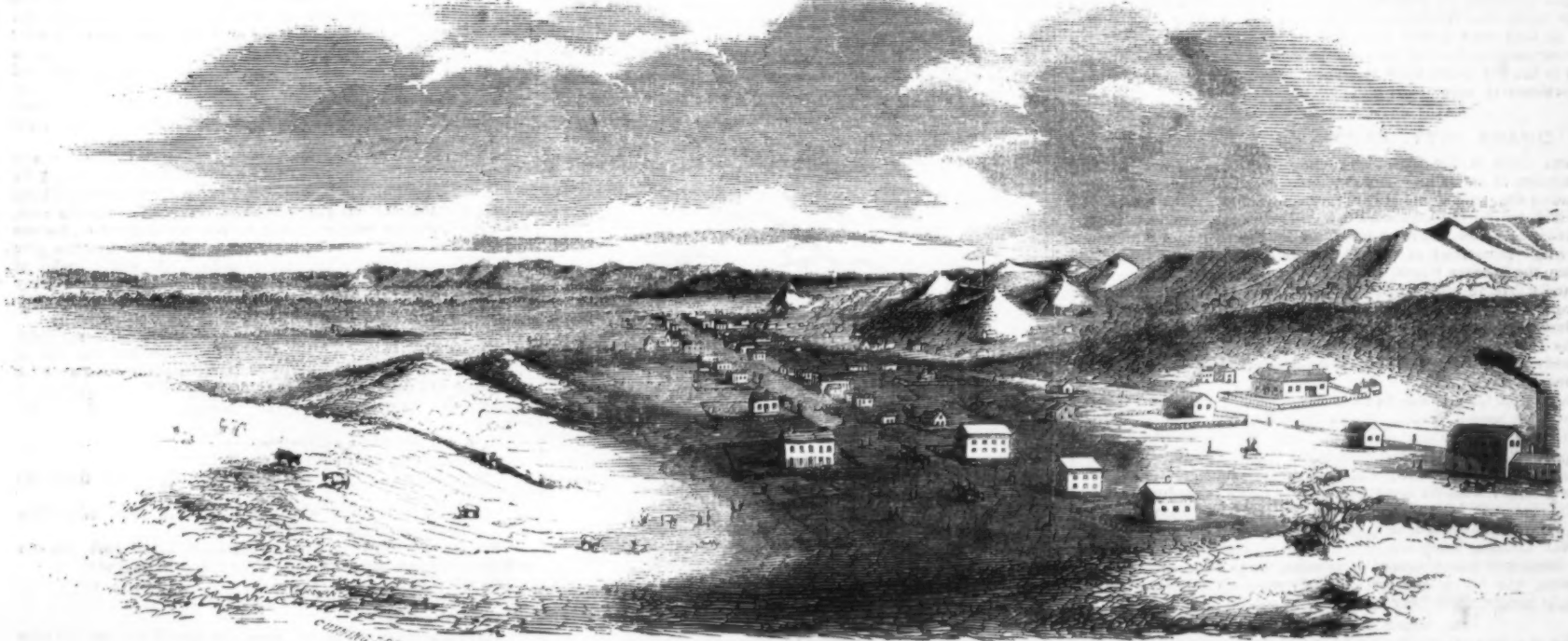
"I thought if she got out of the window she would fall and hurt herself, and then they would find us out and carry her back; they didn't want me."

"But if they find out that you have got away, they'll take Mary off, and hide her."

"I don't think they'll find it out. I peeped at them through the keyhole; they're doing something strange, and seem very busy. Besides, they put us in a bed, and think we're asleep, and I put the pillow in my place. But you must make haste, though."

The Mayor had slipped out as soon as the child had begun to tell her tale, whispering in my ear as he went, "I'll go to the guard-house and have a body of picked men here in a moment." The guard-house was at the corner of the next street, and the Mayor was as good as his word; for by the time we were all ready to accompany the child, he was at the door with a dozen armed men.

She led us up Meeting street as far as the Market, and then turned into Market street; and soon, pausing in front of an old brick house, which seemed entirely closed, she whispered, "Here's the place." We stopped a moment to survey the premises and arrange our



CRESCENT CITY, IOWA.



plan. Mary, it appeared, was in the back room of the second story—the men in the front room of the third. We were to enter by a narrow alley between that house and the next, go into the middle door between the front and back rooms, steal silently up the staircase, and a part of us to stand at the door of Mary's room, which was locked, ready to break it open as soon as the men above had been secured.

I took one of Bettie's hands, and Ned held the other; Harry Vernon and the mulatto boy, George, were just behind us. The armed men went first, preserving, all things considered, a wonderful silence; for it was very dark, and they had their heavy arms to carry, and were, besides, unacquainted with the premises.

But we had scarcely entered the middle door before we heard a deep and fearful growl, and an immense dog came bounding down the stairs—we could see his glaring eyes as he came—and sprang into the midst of us. A fortunate blow struck him down before he had done any mischief; but he had given the alarm, for we heard a man run up stairs from the platform of the second story, blowing a shrill whistle as he went.

There was no use now in trying to keep silence, so we moved up stairs in a firm battalion, still preserving order in our movements, so as to be ready for defence in case of an attack. Knowing that Mary was alone in the room I halted at the door, determined to remain quietly there until the battle was decided above, for we feared the desperate man would still try to keep possession of Mary. But the precaution was needless, for when the posse had ascended the stairs and entered the room it was entirely deserted! They had retired, probably through the roof, upon the first alarm, not stopping even to extinguish their lights, and though the Mayor and his posse made a most thorough and faithful search, they all escaped entirely.

We soon broke open the door of Mary's room, and found the poor child in one corner trembling from head to foot. Bettie ran to her at once, and throwing her arms around her said, "Didn't I tell you so? Now you'll believe me next time, won't you?"

"I hope there'll be no next time, Bettie," said I, who had now obtained possession of my treasure once more; "I'll try to put her where she'll be safe."

"I'll never be safe, cousin Richard," she said—I had taught her to call me cousin, not exactly liking papa or uncle—"I'll never be safe anywhere; he'll be always stealing me."

"You go up to us with the plantation, Mary," said Bettie; "I warrant he won't get you there."

Before we left the house we all ascended to the upper room, to take a survey of the scene so recently occupied by those mysterious men. Their occupation was a mystery no longer, for we saw there a complete apparatus and all the evidences of the business in which they had been engaged. They were a gang of counterfeiters.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE races were over, and we were all, by special invitation, at General Worthington's plantation. We had no more alarms about Mary while we remained in Charleston; but just as I was stepping into the carriage which was to convey us into the country, a note was slipped into my hand by a ragged little negro, who then ran rapidly away, turning up the white soles of his feet in a manner that was curious to behold. The note ran thus:

"Sir,—If you will inclose me one hundred dollars to enable me to get out of this country, I promise you I will never meddle with M— again. Direct to J. J. Smith, Charleston Post Office."

"Yours respectfully, J. J. SMITH."

Here, then, was some light upon the subject. It was to extort money from me that he had taken Mary, and if I yielded to his present request—which I would willingly have done if I had been certain he really meant to leave the country—it would only be an encouragement to him to play the same game an indefinite number of times.

I was troubled, too, to find that he was watching my movements, and knew where I was going. But I had no time now for deliberation; the general was in the carriage waiting for me, and a part of the company had already started, so I slipped the note into my pocket, determined to consult General Worthington on the subject, and to keep a very strict watch over poor little Mary, who was growing more and more dear to me, and who was congratulating herself, poor child, that she would be perfectly safe in the country.

A short day's ride brought us to the plantation, which was almost entirely devoted to the culture of rice. We turned from the main road into a narrow carriage way, completely embowered with evergreens, and beautifully festooned with the vines of the yellow jessamine and the Cherokee rose. The horses seemed to know that they were going home, for they sensibly increased their speed, and once, when we stopped to gather a beautiful flower which Mary had spied, they pawed the ground with impatience.

At length the family mansion appeared in sight—a large, massive, old-fashioned brick building, standing at the end of a long avenue of the most splendid ancient live-oak trees I had ever seen. They were said to be more than a hundred years old, and certainly more venerable objects were never seen, for the long gray moss with which they were covered reminded one of hoary hairs, and the immense size of the trees, which met and formed a massive arch above our heads, attested their great age. That avenue of oaks, I afterwards found, was General Worthington's boast and pride.

But the most interesting thing of all was to see the negroes, large and small, pouring out from house, and yard, and field, and cabin to meet and welcome their much loved master. He shook hands cordially with them all, and I looked in vain for the scowl of hatred and distrust which I had been taught to expect upon the brow of the Southern slave. They were evidently rejoiced to get their old master back again; and the old smiled cheerfully and the young danced merrily about, as if their world was anything but a world of unmixt evil and sorrow.

We were all welcomed, I and my three friends together with little Mary—quite a formidable party. We were all welcomed, I say, with genuine, unostentatious hospitality.

That night, by the side of a cheerful fire of hickory and lightwood, after Mary had been coaxed away by Dido and put to bed with the little twins, I showed my note to General Worthington. He said it was a singular case, but that he thought if I steadily resisted all the fellow's demands he would at length cease to annoy me; if I gave way an inch he would always give me trouble. As to my fears for Mary, he thought they were in a great measure groundless; and, at any rate, he did not think he would be apt to follow her into the country. "Such men," said he, "prefer large cities." I reminded him of the solitary spot in North Carolina where we had found Mary, and where he and his companions were evidently residing. "True," said he, "but there are no such hiding places here; unless he tampered with the negroes, and got them to secrete him, he would not find a place where to lay his head. So make yourself easy about little Mary, and you must all enjoy yourselves just as much as you can."

(To be continued.)

**The Poisoning Case.**—The chemists having at last decided that Mrs. Stephens came to her death by arsenic, the jury declared that her husband administered it. He is an Irishman, aged thirty-five, and of a C. industrious habits. An unusually close lock place between him and the coroner. The alleged murder is now in the Tombs, awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. The motive would appear to be a guilty attachment for one of his wife's nieces, added to the great disparity between his own age and that of his murdered wife.

**The British Frigate Valorous.**—The conduct of our city officials towards the Valorous stands in painful contrast with the reception given to the Niagara in every English port she touched at during her two years' trips. For our cities, who are jealous of American prestige, we are thankful the British officers were happily prevented seeing such specimens of humanity as the municipal authorities of New York. Mayor Tiemann visited Captain Aldham in his private capacity, to see if he wanted a new coat-of-paint! The real reason, however, was an indisposition to irritate the Irish vote on the eve of an election.

## THE STOLEN RING.

### CHAPTER I.

THE cold January winds whistled and roared dolefully in at the crevices of the Widow Everett's humble dwelling; and the snow, which had been falling since early morning, filled the wintry air with fine cloud-like particles, and beat relentlessly against the miserable abode.

Within this humble dwelling it was almost as gloomy as without. A small quantity of coals gave out a dim, sickly light, barely serving to reveal the occupants of the cheerless apartment. In one corner of the room was a wretched apology for a bed, over which there was but slight covering. There were no chairs—a few three-legged stools serving instead. Poverty and want were there in ghastliness; and hunger, with her wasted form, presided over the cold hearthstone.

A pale, attenuated woman was hovering over the smouldering fire, holding her most transparent hands to the faint heat. Opposite to her sat a younger person—her daughter evidently—for the same marks of patient suffering were drawn around her small mouth, and upon her white, blue-veined temples. A garment of the most exquisite embroidery lay across her lap, upon which she had been employed until the early darkness had made work impossible.

"Letty," said the old woman, raising herself from the stooping posture which she had assumed, "oh! that I could have lived to see my daughter—she whose infancy was so tenderly watched, so carefully cherished—oh! that I should live to see her starving! Oh, Heavenly Father! hast thou indeed forgotten us?"

"Hush, mother, hush," said the young girl, softly, "He can never forget! It is true that there are shadows around us, but He can make all bright," and Letty raised her blue eyes devoutly upward.

"You are young and hopeful, my child," said her mother; "you look only on the sunshine and forget the shade. Heaven forbid that I should wish you to do otherwise; but oh, Letty, when I saw that gay, young girl yesterday, so full of happiness—so anxious to have that gorgeous robe wrought fair and tasteful, I thought of my own buoyant youth and happy womanhood—of my wedded life when I was the cherished of one good and noble—of the time when your infant eyes unclouded on life—of your guarded childhood, your happy youth—but dared I look farther? Oh, Letty! the dark hours came, and your father was torn from us by death; and, added to all our grief and despair, we were penniless! Gloom only broods over us! Will the clouds never break? Will the sun of happiness ever shine through? Letty, to live thus—"

"Dear mother," said Letty, winding her arms about her parent's neck, "it grieves me to hear you speak so. I will work for you, mother—I am ready and willing. My hands are young and strong, and my heart is hopeful. When Miss Josephine's dress is finished I shall have twelve shillings; then we will have more fuel, and something nice for you to eat, mother! Miss Josephine, I know, will pay me immediately; she must be good—she is so beautiful! Mother, is not every one good who is beautiful?"

"Alas! my child, would that it were so!" replied her mother. "Josephine Howard is very handsome; but report calls her heartless. Nevertheless, I dare say she is honorable towards all those whom she employs. But you cannot work to-night, Letty. There is no candle, and these poor coals give but a feeble light."

Letty laid aside the rich velvet which was to drape the queenly form of Josephine Howard on her coming birth-night; and opening the door, she looked out into the night. She shuddered as the cold wind penetrated her thin garments, and closing the door, she returned to her mother's side.

"It is a fearful night, mother," said Letty; "how thankful we should be for even this poor shelter—there are others more destitute than we."

Fainter and fainter burned the fire, the storm demon howled more loudly, and the deep darkness grew deeper. Mrs. Everett and Letty crept shivering into their scanty bed; and sleep, which comes to both rich and poor, spread its rosy wings over them.

Morning dawned, cold and gray. The storm had ceased, but the sky was still overcast by cold, heavy vapors. Letty Everett was early at her work, for it was to be finished on Thursday, and it was now Tuesday. Wearily the time passed, but the busy fingers ached hopefully on, the thought of the coming compensation making the arduous task comparatively easy. Thursday evening arrived, and the last stitch being taken, Letty, with a lighter heart than she had borne for many a day, put on her coarse shawl and faded bonnet, to take the fabric to its beautiful owner. With a buoyant step she threaded the busy streets, and halted before a palace-like building. Timidly she mounted the marble steps and rang the bell. A richly-clad servant ushered her into Miss Howard's study. Josephine sat on a camack lounge, chatting merrily to half a dozen young lady visitors, who were eulogizing a set of Brussels lace which lay on the dressing-table.

"Ah, Miss Everett, you have brought the robe, have you?" exclaimed the lovely creature, half turning as Letty tremblingly entered the apartment. "Well, let me examine it. So you have really kept your engagement, have you? Well, really, this is done very well," she said, drawing forth the work from its wrapping and holding it up to view, "quite elegant, in fact, Miss Lester! Crimson becomes me so well! You can go, young woman," she added, seeing Letty lingered; "I will call round in a week or two and pay your bill," and the young lady turned to the pier-glass to arrange a stray ringlet.

"But, madam," returned Letty, imploringly, "couldn't you pay me to-day? We are very much in need of the money, or I would not ask you," and tears, which she strove in vain to keep back, sprang to the beseeching eyes.

"Quite impossible, Miss Everett," said the haughty beauty; "besides, it isn't convenient. If I give you your own price you can afford to wait. I cannot be troubled with these matters to-night. Twelve shillings can make but little difference. I will call round, as I said before, some time soon, and pay you."

Letty passed once more into the thronged streets. No fire! no bread! no morsel of food! She had twice been refused credit by the Chandler with whom they dealt; but food they must have. For her mother she would even beg. She bent her steps to the Chandler's. Mr. Hardoul was there, behind the counter as usual, ready to attend to his moneyed customers.

"Will you not let me have a loaf of bread, sir?" cried Letty, clinging to the counter for support. "I will pay you in a fortnight—indeed I will, sir—all that we owe you."

"Young woman," returned the hard-hearted man, "whom do you take me for? I am worn to death with Mr. Hardoul, can't you trust me for this?" and Mr. Hardoul, won't you trust me for that? It is enough to try the patience of Job himself."

Without another word Letty left the shop and went home. Her mother divined all ere she could find words to express it; and putting her arms about the weeping girl, the mother and daughter knelt in prayer. Their devotions, however, were not finished, when a knock—a quick, imperative knock—aroused them. Letty arose to open the door, and two men in the garb of policemen entered.

"Good evening, madam—Mrs. —," said the elder. "Ah, Johnston, what brazen impudence! See, there is the very ring on her finger! Young woman," he said, addressing Letty, "I confess that I am greatly surprised at seeing that ring so conspicuously displayed—"

"The ring!—what of the ring?" hastily asked Mrs. Everett.

"Oh, you are ignorant, ma'am, are you? Well, I'll enlighten you," said the official. "You must know that Miss Josephine Howard had presented to her a few days ago by a rich uncle a ring, of peculiar form and value, a serpent with emerald eyes. Well, shortly after receiving the present, a party of young friends having called, the ring was brought forth for their inspection. About the same time a certain young woman, whom Miss Howard had mercifully employed to do embroidery, came in with her work; and since then the ring cannot be found about Miss Howard's room. The servant-maid declares that she saw this young woman take something from the table where the ring had been laid and secrete it about her person; and a respectable tradesman, Mr. Hardoul, afterwards saw the identical ring on her finger."

"The ring! Good heavens, you cannot mean it! The ring was given to my daughter by her dying father. She did not steal it. Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"It is all very fine prating, ma'am, and keeping us here, losing our valuable time. The sooner you prepare yourself, miss, to accompany us peaceably, the better," said the policeman, waxing wrath at the delay.

"My mother may go with me, if she likes, may she not, sir?" asked Letty, raising her beautiful though tearful eyes to the face of the stern man.

"No, not even if she likes," was the cruel reply.

That night Letty Everett slept within the walls of a prison.

### CHAPTER II.

THE court-house was thronged. The case was one of great interest. A beautiful young girl, who had once moved in the highest circles of society, was to be tried for theft. Every eye rested on poor Letty, who stood in the prisoner's dock, calm and composed, but colorless as the mountain snow.

The proofs against her were most conclusive. The ring found upon the finger of the prisoner not only corresponded exactly with the one stolen from Miss Howard, but the very initials of her uncle's name, Richard Elington, were engraved on the inside!

The prosecution opened the case. The attorney was an old, experienced lawyer, and arbitrary withal. Miss Howard's dressing maid, a brazen-faced girl of some five and twenty years, swore positively that she had seen the prisoner take some small article from the table where the ring had been laid but a few moments before, and hide it about her person; and also that she appeared in a hurry to get away from the house.

Mr. Hardoul testified to the defendant's having called at his shop to obtain trust for bread. He had noticed at the time the curious ring upon her finger, which he could identify with the one now exhibited in court.

The case was about to be given to the jury, for Letty had no money to employ counsel, when there was a hurried movement near the outer door of the court-house, and a stately, determined form strode into the arena.

"Counselor Harrington!" was whispered through the crowd.

The new comer, after saluting the judge upon the bench, approached the pale prisoner.

"The nature of the case excuses any liberties I am about to take," he said, addressing Letty. "Allow me to inquire if you have no one to speak in your behalf?"

"Alas, sir," returned Letty, half raising her hopeless eyes to his face, "who would plead for the poor and fatherless?"

"God and justice!" returned Counselor Harrington, emphatically; "and I, as your humble instrument, will lift this affair to the bottom. Please state to me briefly your history from your birth up to the present time."

Letty obeyed, relating the most important circumstances in a few words. "Did Miss Howard pay you for your work?" inquired Mr. Harrington. Letty hesitated, but at length replied, "No, sir, it was not convenient."

"H'm!" said the counselor; "very many things are not convenient with the rich. Your father's Christian name, if you please?"

"Robert—Robert Everett," said Letty.

"Very well," said the counselor. "Take courage, Miss Everett." Then addressing the court he said, "May it please your lordship and gentlemen of the jury, I stand before you in behalf of one whom I believe innocent of the crime with which the mistaken justice of individuals would brand her. A few moments, gentlemen, and I will sum up briefly the facts of the case: A young, tender girl is left an orphan! In the bleak darkness of midnight death stifles the form of a beloved father, and stills the warm pulsations of his heart for ever. Care and devotion, not even love, could save him, and the cold gray of morning looked in upon a corpse! Even a more anguishing scene saw that same morning light—a desolate widow! A distressed orphan! An examination of the affairs of that dead husband and father tells a fearful story. Unlucky speculations have swept away, with one fell swoop, his once princely fortune; and from the bosom of splendor to the feet of abject poverty his helpless family have fallen. Such a change, even to those who could look around and count not one missing from their household circle, would be a bitter change—but to that poor widow and stricken orphan, with the damp, cold blight of death hanging over all, it was indeed terrible! Plain sewing, and occasionally tedious embroidery—those last resources of reduced gentlewomen—are resorted to. Aching brain, weary fingers and breaking heart! A fashionable lady, one rich in this world's goods, engages this friendless girl to ornament a robe which is to fall around her peerless form on her birth-night. It must be magnificent, it must be wrought with exceeding great skill. Would a clumsily-embroidered fabric be a fitting drapery for the fairest of fashion's belles? A meagre pittance, a trifle to the rich—life, hope, everything to this poor, suffering child of poverty—is offered in recompense. Weary days, with cold, and want, and hunger ever present, and the work is finished. Cheered by hope, it is taken home. The young belle cannot pay the laborer—it is not convenient! The poor seamstress entreats, and with the pale face of a starving mother before her eyes she even pleads; but she talks to stone! She goes out from the presence of the rich with all her load of care and grief! She applies to a being bearing the resemblance of man, for one loaf of bread, promising to pay in a few days. It is refused! The last hope is fled! She thinks of the ring upon her finger, but she banishes the temptation. It is the last gift of her departed father—it contains that which keeps his blessed memory green in her heart, and she cannot part with it even to conciliate death! She goes to her cold, bare home, and her wretched mother, empty-handed! They kneel to implore the assistance of that God who they think has forsaken them—their devotions are disturbed by the so-called officers of justice. And why? Simply because from the young belle, the owner of the embroidered robe, a ring has been stolen—a valuable and costly ring of peculiar and costly workmanship, and very highly prized by this young lady as a gift from an absent uncle. A servant, a minion of this same lady, affirms to having seen the seamstress take some article from a table where this valuable ring had been placed! The heartless being to whom the desolate seamstress applied for bread testifies to having seen the ring upon the finger of his customer! The policeman also noticed the same thing. They place her under arrest for a presumptive crime, and the cold stones of a prison, though no colder than the bare walls of her mis-called home, and the black night enclose her! Upon this apparently circumstantial evidence you would condemn her—doom her to a fate worse than the grave—make her the despised, the outcast of her sex, and affix to her name the everlasting stigma of disgrace!"

Having made these remarks, the counselor began to cross-examine the servant girl, now replaced in the witness-box.

"Did the ring which was stolen from Miss Howard contain upon the inside anything more than the initials 'R. E.'?" began the counselor.

"It did not," said the girl.

"Did you have access to the room of your mistress at your own option?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply, hesitatingly given.

A visible murmur in favor of the prisoner ran round the court. Counselor Harrington paused, and the hush which reigned in the court became oppressive. Maintaining silence until the full effect of what he had said should be felt, he resumed.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, "one thing more: This ring, taken from the hand of the prisoner, it becomes my duty to examine."

The ring was handed him by the prosecuting attorney. He took it—pressed his finger along upon the inside, and a spring flew open, revealing in the action a small but life-likeness of a gentleman of middle age. He held it up to view. Several gentlemen, who pressed forward, identified it without a moment's hesitation as the portrait of Robert Everett, the father of the prisoner!

The excitement became so intense, that the officials of justice were under the necessity of adopting stringent measures to preserve the dignity and decorum of the court.

Closing the spring, Mr. Harrington placed the ring in his pocket, and turning his face, terribly beautiful in its righteous indignation, towards the principal witness for the plaintiffs—the servant girl—he exclaimed, "As you hope to escape from eternal punishment, reveal where you have hidden your mistress's ring!"

The voice, the look, the manner was so terrible, that the frightened girl fell upon her knees, and shrieked out, "Save me from him! I am guilty! In my trunk you will find the ring! Keep him away from me; oh, keep him away from me!"

No more was needed. Mr. Harrington looked at Letty. Holding her mother's head upon her breast, her calm, truthful eyes, now full of joyful tears, were raised to heaven.

The form of acquittal was gone through, and Letty was released. Mr. Harrington called a carriage, and supporting the half-fainting Mrs. Everett, with Letty holding her hand upon the other side, he passed out of the court, followed by the warm plaudits of the admiring crowd.

At the carriage door, after assisting the ladies in, the counselor paused, and Letty timidly took his hand.

"God will bless you, sir; I never can," she faltered, "but morning, noon, and night will I implore God's blessing for you!"

Mr. Harrington, deeply affected, said, "I will call and see you to-morrow, ladies," and the carriage drove away.

The next morning, Mr. Harrington called. It would be vain to attempt to express the grateful thanks and blessings which were showered upon him by Mrs. Everett, and the tearful earnestness that filled the blue eyes of Letty as she strove to find language for her gratitude.

It was merely accident, Mr. Harrington said, which brought him to the court on that eventful morning. On his way to the metropolis, he was detained by a trifling business matter until too late for the morning train, and while waiting for the succeeding conveyance he strolled into the court-house out of idle curiosity. The remainder they already knew.

Randolph Harrington lingered long in the humble little abode of Mrs. Everett. The parlors and costly adornments of gilded luxury had never possessed power to detain him a moment from his business, but that cheerless hovel held for him a charm. He went, at last, followed by the blessings of the widow and the fatherless—"more precious than gold—yes, than much fine gold."

The ensuing evening a strange sound was heard at the door of Mrs. Everett's cottage—the postman's knock. He brought a letter directed to Miss Everett, and containing these words—"Accept from a sincere friend the accompanying trifles—as a tribute to virtue and innocence." It bore no signature, but enclosed a check upon one of the metropolitan banks for fifty pounds, signed and endorsed by the most respectable firm in the town. After much debate, Letty went to the firm whose names endorsed the check, and endeavored to discover who sent it; but they would give her no satisfaction. So, finally, she drew the money from the bank.

A better lodging and some necessary comforts were immediately procured; and that night Mrs. Everett and her daughter, for the first time in many months, slept peacefully and comfortably.

The affair of the ring was noised about, and the Everetts were visited and sought after by many kind, noble-hearted people. Under these favorable auspices, Letty, who had received a superior education, opened a school for young ladies.

Four months after their removal to their new abode the Everetts were most agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Harrington. He appeared most happy to them, but he was apparently thinking of something more important than the mere formal salutations his lips were uttering. Eloquence and worth seldom fail to win, and he whose forensic endowments had been so much admired, pleaded not in vain for the object of his heart's first love—Letty Everett.

Long after their marriage the happy Randolph Harrington confessed to having sent the note and the generous gift, because, he said, "Letty was too dear to me even then to be allowed to suffer when my hand could avert it."

As the wife of the famed and esteemed counselor, the devout, honest, upright man, Letty is supremely happy.

**A Fortune for Aaron Burr's Daughter.**—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that a natural daughter of Aaron Burr, and ready legatee, comes curiously into possession of quite a fortune in this way: Burr held a lease from Trinity Church of the Richmond Hill property, three or four hundred lots in the centre of New York, for sixty-six years. He released the land for sixty-three years to Astor and others, and their lease expires in 1860. The lease for three years then belongs to Burr's daughter, and the claim is indisputable, and the value of the lease very great. Already several of the lessees have compromised the claim for from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

**The Tribune Lunatics.**—A good joke is perambulating "the world" at Judge Carke's expense. Some time ago that learned functionary said in a speech that he looked upon the editors of the Tribune as nothing better than lunatics. The other day Mr. Ripley, of that long-haired establishment, was summoned as a juror. It being very inconvenient to attend, he wrote on the back of the subpoena the words, "Mr. Ripley requests to be excused on the ground of lunacy; in support of his plea, he will merely mention the fact that he is one of the editors of the New York Tribune." Judge Carke, who was on the bench, took the document, and after reading the endorsement, said, "The plea is recognized by the Court. The juror is excused." The unfortunate individual then, unattended by his keepers, made his way home. The last we heard of him he was doing as well as was to be expected, getting rid of his surplus frenzy by writing for Appleton's Encyclopedia. There is certainly method in his madness.



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